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Continental Travel

in 1802—3

GENEVA, 1802.

Continental Travel

in 1802–3

The Story of an Escape

(PRINTED FOR PRIVATE CIRCULATION)

MANCHESTER
At the University Press
1904

SHERRATT & HUGHES
Publishers to the Victoria University of Manchester
Manchester: 27 St Ann Street
London: 65 Long Acre

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PREFACE.

In offering this book to the members and connexions of my family, it is proper that I should preface it with some explanation of the way in which I came to think of its publication. I believe that all their nephews and nieces have known the fact that uncles Burton and Nathaniel Philips were sent abroad with a Tutor in the year 1802, and narrowly escaped captivity on the sudden rupture of the Peace of Amiens by Napoleon in 1803. Strange to say, although in the case of my uncle Nathaniel, I had ample opportunity, I never made any attempt to draw him out on the subject of that eventful journey. Others may have been less neglectful, but I hardly think so. The young are pre-occupied with the events of their own time, and do not encourage their elders to talk of their early memories. Regret often comes when it is too late. Such was my case when, after the

death of my uncle Nathaniel, in 1865, I found amongst the letters he had preserved, one from Mr. Lovell Edgeworth, dated from Verdun at the outset of his eleven years of captivity. He had been constantly in the company of my uncles at Geneva, and met the fate which they escaped. I sent this letter to Mr. Edgeworth, the representative of the family in Ireland at that date, without keeping any copy of it. I was, however, by that time sensible of the fact that the foreign journey of 1802-3 had been a very interesting adventure for my uncle, and I felt sorry that I had never led him to talk about it. It did not occur to me that any letters from the travellers might be still in existence, Such, however, was the case. A packet of them had been carefully preserved by my aunts Margaret and Eliza Philips of Leamington, and on their death (in 1876) passed into the hands of my cousin, Mrs. Manley. Of her possession of these letters I remained in ignorance until a very recent period. It is to her kindness in having them copied for my

use that the appearance of this book is due. I felt, however, that it would be difficult to print them without some narrative to connect and supplement them. Such a narrative could only come from one source. My grandfather when he resolved, on the prospect of Peace, to give his sons the advantage of a Continental tour, had at once to look out for a Tutor who could take charge of them (they were both under 18 years of age), and also see that they made proper use of their time in acquiring the French language, and otherwise improving their education. He had the good fortune to find that Dr. Roget, nephew of Sir Samuel Romilly, with relations and friends at Geneva, and the command of excellent introductions in Paris, was willing to become their travelling companion and guide.

Although at this time only 23 years of age, Dr. Roget had already taken his medical degree and had given evidence of great intelligence and power of observation in connexion with medical science. His sub-

sequent distinguished career, both in science and literature, maintained throughout a lifetime of unusual duration, is fully described in an article upon him in the *Dictionary of National Biography*. In that article mention is made of this journey of 1802-3, and of his courage and resource when he and his companions were threatened with the fate which befell Lovell Edgeworth and other Englishmen staying at Geneva. I felt almost sure that Dr. Roget must have made some notes of this journey, and that there was a probability of their being still in the possession of his son, Mr. John Lewis Roget, whose address in London I lost no time in ascertaining. Although I was a perfect stranger to this gentleman, he at once answered my enquiry, and most kindly undertook to look over his father's papers, and see whether there remained amongst them anything of the kind I required. The result quite exceeded my expectations. Mr. J. L. Roget put me in possession of the letters from my grandfather, which will be found in their

proper order in this narrative; and also of his father's general outline of the tour, together with descriptions of some of the places visited, and finally of the incidents of the escape from Geneva, and the tedious journey home. It was a strange coincidence that Mr. Roget and I met the last week in November (1903) to talk over these letters and notes exactly 100 years, almost to a day, from the date of the safe arrival of the travellers in London, November, 1803. Of the letters themselves I have a few words to say. Those written by my uncles frequently dealt with the same list of topics. In making my selection I have naturally chosen the letters of my Uncle Burton, as being written with more freedom and humour than those of his younger brother. I have printed my grandfather's letters in their place according to date. They show him, as he was, a keen sighted, but kindly, liberal, and considerate man. The constant allusions to my grandmother's anxious temperament will appeal to those who remember her second daughter,

Eliza. This kindest of maiden Aunts would never allow one of us to leave her without a ready addressed and stamped envelope for the letter we were to write, to assure her of our safety, after a railway journey of from 3 to 4 hours' duration. Dr. Roget's detailed account of the difficulties attending the escape from Geneva amplifies the letters of my uncles, which were evidently toned down in order to reassure their mother as far as possible. Most of his letters to my grandfather seem to have been carefully preserved.

I think this is all I need say by way of preface. I will now leave the story of the journey, as told in the letters and notes, to speak for itself. I hope I have not, in my own keen interest about this publication, over estimated its attraction for others. I must take my chance of that. I will only say that, in my view, letters which have survived for a century seem, in their fading ink, to plead for patient consideration. Anyway, their interest is sure rather to increase than to diminish. Moreover, if printed for family use, they

create a sort of family literature, which, I think, feeds a wholesome feeling, and may draw closer ties of blood, which are too soon dissolved.

In the hope that I am really doing something to benefit those for whom I care, I offer them this book with all kindly regards.

HERBERT PHILIPS.

SUTTON OAKS
MACCLESFIELD
May 1904

JOHN PHILIPS.

Continental Travel

The letter from my grandfather to Dr. Roget, which I make use of to open the Story of this Continental journey with my uncles, Burton and Nathaniel, explains the way in which the introduction came about. The "friend Sharp" of the opening sentence was Mr. Richard Sharp, partner with the first Sir George Philips in the West Indian House of Boddington, Philips and Sharp. In the article of the Dictionary of National Biography on "Conversation Sharp" (as he came to be called), it is stated that he had, in early life, travelled a good deal on the Continent, and it was therefore natural that my grandfather should apply to him for advice, directly he conceived the idea of sending his sons abroad. It may here be as well to observe that my grandfather's object, as may be gathered from his letters, was not merely to give his sons the ordinary advantages of foreign travel. He evidently wished them to acquire the French language, and study science and mathematics with a view to the commercial career for which he destined them. It was not his fault

that this object was not achieved. Circumstances were against it. They did get some command of the language which made foreign travel agreeable in after life, and they brought home a store of interesting recollections, which must have been a lifelong pleasure to themselves and to others. But the Continent remained closed to commercial enterprise for years to come, and they both retired early from business, having ample fortunes and no taste for the speculative ventures of Foreign Trade.

Norfolk Street, Manchester,
Dec. 1, 1801.

DEAR SIR,—

I received a letter from my friend Sharp yesterday informing me of the interview which had taken place between himself and you on the subject of sending my two sons into France. I am happy to find that you can make it convenient to pay me a visit in Manchester, when all our plans can be considered and arranged. From the very handsome terms in which both * Mr. Aikin and Mr. Sharp have

* No doubt *Mr. Arthur Aikin*, an early friend of my grandfather, at this time engaged in scientific pursuits in London. He was a founder of the Geological Society, and held the Secretaryship of the Society of Arts for 23 years.

spoken of you to me, I consider myself singularly fortunate in the prospect of placing my sons under your care. One of the young men has returned from school in consequence of indisposition (which is happily removed), the other we expect in about three weeks. After that period I shall be glad to see you whenever it may suit your convenience. I shall esteem it a favour if you will drop me a line when you can fix the day of your departure from London, that I may keep myself disengaged.—I remain, etc.,

JOHN PHILIPS.

To Dr. ROGET.

I find, on reference to a French History, that the preliminaries of the Treaty of peace between France and England had been ratified on October 1st, 1801, though it was not till the travellers had actually set foot on French soil that the Treaty was signed. My grandfather's project must have been very promptly conceived, and executed with all possible despatch, as if he had some misgivings as to the duration of Peace. He started with his two sons for London the first week in February, 1802. They posted through in two days and a half. Their route

must have been through Macclesfield, Leek and Ashbourne to Derby, where the first night was passed. The following day my grandfather seized a few minutes at Loughborough, whilst his hungry sons were still at breakfast, to write to my grandmother. They had already done two stages fasting, according to the fashion of of the times.

Loughboro',
9 o'clock Thursday morning.

DEAR MARGARET,—

We are just arrived here, all well, and are consuming a vast quantity of bread and butter and eggs. We reached Derby last night at six o'clock, and, after devouring a good dinner, went to Crompton's and spent the evening there. My fellow travellers are both in good health and spirits. To-night we intend to go as far as Woburn, and, if so, shall arrive to-morrow at about 12 o'clock in London. We have had very good chaises and horses, and no one has objected to taking the large trunk, which you so much feared they would do. I shall write to you often whilst in London.—Believe me, etc.,

JOHN PHILIPS.

The good old inn at Woburn of those days (The Bedford Arms) still stands, externally unchanged. Its walls are hung with the pictures of old coaches, and of the accidents which befell them. The aged landlord of 1899, bearing the extraordinary name of "Puddyphatt," may well have been the grandson of him who entertained the travellers of 1802—better we will hope. On their arrival in London my uncles began at once to redeem their promises to their mother to write often.

London, Feb., 1802.

DEAR MOTHER,—

My father received a letter from my Uncle Samuel by which we learn that you are all well. I believe we are to have the passports to-day, and we think they are forwarded very speedily. The King, Lord Pelham and Mons. Otto (French Consul) sign them. We have seen everything that is worth seeing(?) except the "Tower," to which we are now going. We have all kept very well and free from cold since we arrived, and what with coaching and walking are out generally from 10 o'clock in the morning till four in the afternoon. Yesterday we dined with Mr. Romilly (uncle to Dr. Roget). His

wife is thought to be very handsome. In the course of this week we go to Woolwich. My father has business there. He will write to you when we are gone. The day is not yet fixed. We think ourselves much favoured by the weather, which has been uncommonly fine. To-day is not so agreeable. The definitive Treaty is, from particular circumstances, expected in London immediately. Remember us to The Dales and Stand Lane. I have just received a letter from my Uncle Robert.—Yours affectionately,

J. Burton Philips.

I will here explain that "Uncle Samuel" Philips, who at this time lived in St James's Square, Manchester, was afterwards of Heybridge, Staffordshire, which he left to my father. The Dales was my grandfather's ordinary residence, at Stand, 6 miles from Manchester. "Stand Lane" was the residence of my great-grandfather, Nathaniel Philips, now a widower and 76 years of age, but vigorous for his years, much honoured by his sons, and altogether a person to be reckoned with in all family arrangements. "Uncle Robert" had just purchased "the Park," two miles from Stand, and was altering it to suit his increasing family.

London, Feb. 8, 1802.

DEAR MOTHER,—

We have just received Uncle Samuel's letter, and are glad to hear you are in better spirits than when we left you, like wise that my grandfather continues so well. I hope you will not be at all anxious about us, as we have obtained passports from Lord Pelham and shall now have no difficulty at all in going to France. Be assured we shall ever attend to your instructions and make a point of writing to you weekly. It is not improbable that we may go with Mr. Delapaire, as he starts from here, with another gentleman, the beginning of next week. As to our luggage, there is a regular conveyance from Calais to Paris every week, and therefore we shall have no trouble about it. We have been to Drury Lane and Covent Garden, both of which greatly exceeded our expectations. To-day we called upon the * Hibberts, who are all very well. As you are well acquainted with London, I need not mention the grand sights we have seen. We have been remarkably busy, looking about us, ever since we came. I must not forget to tell you that we are very comfortably lodged, and if we had brought a servant with us he would have been a great plague, as there

* Mr. and Mrs. George Hibbert, my grandfather's first cousins.

are so many at this place. I am happy to say Burton and my father are both very well. Dr. Roget remarked how well I looked when I arrived. It seems travelling agrees with me so far. We have not written to Sam (brother), nor do we intend it till we get to Paris. I am very glad Margaret (sister) is not in London. She should not come till she is at a proper age to know the value of money, as there are so many temptations. I shall write again soon.—Believe me, my dear mother, your constant and affectionate son,

NATHANIEL PHILIPS.

Dover, Feb. 17.

DEAR FATHER,—

We met with everything very convenient and comfortable from Dartford, and arrived at Dover about six o'clock this morning. It is a rainy day and the wind quite against us. The great trunk is not arrived, for it did not set off on the day the waggoner told you. However, we have seen the bill of the different parcels that come by the waggon which arrives here at six o'clock this evening. Our name is on the list and we shall therefore have the trunk this evening without doubt. The packet "Elgin"—Captain Sampson, Master—(recommended by Mr. Hall) sets off to-morrow. She was hindered to-day by the wind. She is too full of passengers,

so we have concluded to go in the only other packet now in dock, which is a very good one—Master, Captain Salter. She sets sail to-morrow morning likewise. Our luggage has undergone the examination at the Custom House. Everything is right. The weather seems clearing up, so that we have every prospect of a fine sail. Nathaniel is in great spirits now that he has seen a ship enter the dock. We shall buy three "roquelaures" (cloaks). They are quite necessary.—I remain, yours affectionately,

J. Burton Philips.

Calais, Feb. 19, 1802.

Dear Father,—

I am happy to tell you we are arrived at Calais, after a passage of fifteen hours. The sea was not rough, so that we were not much troubled with sea-sickness. At the latter end of the passage we had not wind enough to carry us forward, so it was extremely tedious. When we arrived in the harbour we were conducted to a kind of post-house, where we were obliged to stop four hours, the gates of Calais being shut. It was three o'clock in the morning. After that we went into a room where our names were taken down, and lastly to the Municipality, where our passports were delivered. In the course of the morning our luggage was examined, and everything found right. All this is a very unpleasant

piece of business, and difficult to transact. We are all, however, safe at a good inn, and very well. We set off on our journey to-morrow. The chaises look clumsy. The body is something like those of England, but more confined; the wheels like those of a common cart. The rest is like a gig, with the newly-invented springs. To-day has been very fine. We dined at the "ordinary" (table d'hôte). There were five Frenchmen—the rest English. We shall be able to speak French, I am sure, very soon, and shall remember your admonitions about speaking English to Nathaniel. He desires me not to tell you about the dinner, as he reserves that for a letter to my mother. It differs very little from our English ones, only there are some "made dishes." There is a Mr. Milner here from Manchester on his way to Brussels. I find he knows you. He says it was lucky we did not go on board Sampson's packet. There were forty passengers! In ours there were only twelve, and each had a berth and was well accommodated. They both entered the harbour at the same time. It was reported this morning that the Treaty was signed. The King's messengers came in the packet with us and proceeded to Amiens. There were several parcels on board for *Marquis

*Lord Cornwallis was British plenipotentiary to negotiate the Treaty of Peace at Amiens. It was not signed till March 27th.

Cornwallis. Nathaniel was not much fatigued. I am sure he is much stronger. Remember me to all at Dales, etc.—Yours affectionately,

J. Burton Philips.

Paris, Feb. 26, 1802.

Dear Father,—

I shall now describe to you our journey here from Calais. The mode of travelling is curious. The horses go three abreast when there are three persons in a chaise. The postilion has something very ridiculous about him. He wears immense jack-boots, one of which you could hardly lift up with your hand, and carries a long-lashed whip with which he announces his entrance to a town, so that horses may be prepared without delay. Every five to ten miles (English), which are here called "posts," the horses are changed. As we advanced on the road we were struck with the difference between the French peasants, men and women, and the same class in England. The women wear large caps, which cover most part of their faces; never bonnets. Many of them ride on horseback—on the right side of the horse. The men generally wear ear-rings and permit their whiskers to grow under their chins, which makes them look very fierce. Altogether they have a prodigeous quantity of hair.

They wear cocked hats and cloaks—and large fur gloves. Nothing worthy of notice occurred till we reached Boulogne, a seaport town. From this place we saw the Dover Cliffs across the sea for the last time. We proceeded to Montreuil, a very ancient town, and here we took up our first night's lodging, having travelled sixty miles from Calais. This is a fortified town standing high, with several gates and drawbridges. The following day we resumed our journey. The poverty of the country is terrible. Whenever we changed horses crowds of beggars surrounded us. As we went on we were surprised to see peasants dancing (it was Sunday), but we were still more so when, on our arrival at Amiens, we were told that plays were to be acted that evening. We slept that night at Amiens—a large and spacious town, with a very venerable Cathedral. From Amiens to Chantilly (our last halting place) the road was very bad. At Chantilly there is a large manufactory of porcelain, but the most curious sight is the ruined castle of the Prince of Condé, destroyed some years ago by the mob. The work of destruction occupied two months. It was a magnificent place; the gardens were grand. The stables were superb; there was room in them for 300 horses. In one of the outbuildings 400 dogs were kept for hunting. A statue of Fame which stood in front of the castle was melted down

for bullets. From Chantilly we went on in the morning to Paris. We thought the country beautiful. From Calais to Amiens there was not a fence to be seen. Between Amiens and Paris trees were planted on each side of the road. It is the custom to burn wood on the hearth, which struck us at first as curious. It is inconvenient, as the fire is placed so low from the chimney-piece that the draught is very inconsiderable and the room subject to smoke. The cooking is plainer than we expected, but there are many "made dishes." The houses are generally built of stone. In the inside the floors are kept extremely dirty, but the apartments are much ornamented. The streets are narrow, and there are no flags for pedestrians. The Palais Royal here far exceeds anything I saw in London. It is an immensely large building finely carved and ornamented and full of shops. Yesterday we dined with Madame Gautier. She was extremely kind to us, and Mons. de la Roche not less so. In the evening we went to the theatre, which was beautifully lighted and more tasteful than Covent Garden. We hope to speak French soon, but it will take time to learn the pronunciation. Burton unites with me in love, etc.—Your affectionate son,

NATHANIEL PHILIPS.

I propose here to insert some part of a description of Paris, which I find amongst Dr. Roget's notes of travel. It is not very clear what purpose these notes were intended to serve, but they eke out the descriptive parts of the letters very usefully.

Notes on Paris by Dr. Roget.

All great towns, it is said, resemble one another, and yet take a person walking in the streets of London, and when he is just turning a corner blindfold him, waft him through the air, and set him down anywhere in Paris, and the moment he opens his eyes he will think himself in a new world. The streets are narrow; the high-roofed houses are of six or seven stories; the walls are covered with inscriptions which dazzle and bewilder the eye. The coaches, chaises and cabriolets are driven with amazing rapidity and deafening noise over an irregular pavement, splashing through the gutters which run along the middle of the streets. The total want of foot pavement renders it really dangerous to walk the streets till you are trained to feats of agility. You are required every instant to hop from stone to stone, or to dart from one side of the street to the other. The poor foot passengers

are driven about by the cabriolets like a parcel of frightened sheep. Accidents are frequent. The pavement consists of large round stones, very irregular. They are either covered with mud or, which is generally the case, very greasy and slippery. On the walls of shops are frequently painted the objects sold within—shoes, loaves, etc. A garland is the sign of a wine shop. All shops where wine or bread is sold have an iron grating before the windows to defend them from the mob in case of any tumult. This was the case long before the Revolution. The shops are very poor. All they have is displayed in the window. They have no reserve stock, being deficient in capital.

The hackney coaches are better than those in London and the horses in much better condition. The horses of the cabriolets are very good, and well trained. They go at a great rate over the rough pavement. There are between 3,000 and 4,000 hackney vehicles. Unfortunately, in narrow streets, they block up the way too much; otherwise they are convenient enough and not dear. In English money a single journey costs 1s. 3d. If hired by time the charge is 1s. 8d. for the first hour and 1s. 3d. for succeeding hours. The carts have generally only two wheels, of great size, thickness and diameter. The nave projects one or two feet

from the wheel and often gets entangled with other carts in these narrow streets.

The streets lose a vast deal in point of magnificence by most of the good houses not appearing in front, but being removed from the street by a court-yard, to which a large gateway (portecochere) gives entrance. So that they are only seen one by one, and cannot in the least contribute to give an air of grandeur or uniformity to the street. To compensate for this the public buildings are splendid and seen to great advantage. Paris is far from being sufficiently lighted. Large lamps are suspended in the middle of the street from a rope. They are let down in order to be trimmed, the windlass in which the rope is coiled being contained in a box under lock and key. On moonlight nights every other lamp only is lit.

To Mr. J. Philips.

Dear Sir,—

As Nathaniel has left me room to subjoin a line to his letter, I shall avail myself of the opportunity, and tell you how we like our situation. We have found very comfortable lodgings at the Hotel de l'Europe, Rue de la Loi, which for the present we take by the week. It is extremely difficult to procure

DOCTOR ROGET.

board and lodging in a private family for the short time we expect to be in Paris. There is, however, one place which Mr. de la Roche has recommended to us. We have received great civility from everybody we have met, in particular from Mons. de Lessart's charming family. *Lord Henry Petty returned our visit next day, and has been so obliging as to invite us to dinner. M. Ollivier has been very warm in his professions to serve us in everything. Excepting the theatres, we have not seen any of the curiosities or sights of Paris. We have done much considering the few days we have been here, but much remains to be done. I am afraid we shall not be able to manage well without a servant. We are in perfect health and spirits. Give my respects to Mrs. Philips.—I remain, etc.,

P. Roget.

Direct to Mons. N. Philips,
Recommandé à Messrs. Ollivier, Outrequin et Cheval,
Rue Gros Chenet, à Paris.

Paris, March 9, 1802.

My Dear Father,—

We have now been in Paris a fortnight, and have begun our journals. I have taken this account from mine. The other day we were gratified with

*Lord Henry Petty (afterwards Lord Lansdowne) was travelling with Mons. Etienne Dumont, with whom Dr. Roget was acquainted.

a full sight of Bonaparte in the Court of the Tuileries going to the parade, which is held once a month. He is thin and of low stature; his countenance, though meagre and sallow, is extremely animated, his eyes black and piercing, his hair black and cropped, his dress remarkably plain. He received a number of petitions from poor people. There are no paintings of him at present and the prints are very inferior; otherwise I could have easily enclosed one in my letter. An introduction is very easily procured if you have a letter from Jackson, the British Minister. We have got a capital French master, Bousset, born in London but for the last 40 years resident in Paris. He was recommended to Dr. Roget. Once he was in affluent circumstances but the Revolution forced him to take up this line of life. He comes to us three times a week. Vestris, the celebrated dancer, exhibited at the Grand Opera the other evening, but, as Bonaparte exhibited there also, we found it in vain to attempt to enter. The best company frequent the Opera. We have seen there the first, second and third Consuls, the British, Turkish and Russian Ambassadors, the French Minister, Talleyrand, and several other great men. The buildings we have seen are very grand. The Tuileries Palace, with its gardens, and the Picture Gallery containing the paintings and other pieces

from Italy, and "The Descent from the Cross" from Antwerp; also the Gallery of Sculpture, where stands the "Apollo Belvedere." The waggons which brought these curiosities still remain in the Garden of the Louvre. Admission to the Galleries is free and days are set apart for students. Nothing can be more liberal. From the Dome of the Invalides we had a grand view of Paris. We visited the Panthéon. On the front of this building is inscribed "Aux Grands Hommes la Patrie Reconnaissante." In the cellars of this building are deposited * the remains of Voltaire and Rousseau. A Mr. Philips, of this town, has invited us to dine. We shall meet there the †British Ministers. We are engaged chiefly with French and the study of natural history. Now that there are all these collections in Paris natural history is very interesting. Remember me to all at the Dales, etc.—Your affectionate son,

J. Burton Philips.

* These were removed and interred in some unknown spot after the Restoration of the Monarchy.

† In the absence of Lord Cornwallis, at Amiens, Mr. F. J. Jackson (brother of Sir George Jackson) represented the British Diplomatic Mission in Paris.

Paris, March 19, 1802.

My Dear Father and Mother,—

We have just received your letters and I take the first opportunity of writing to you. Burton, in his last letter, mentioned most of the places we had seen, but as he did not give a full description of all of them I will endeavour to supply the deficiency. There are many public buildings. The Louvre (called the National Palace) is appropriated for all the paintings and statues. The large room contains 209 statues and busts, most of which have been brought from Italy. Above this room is a gallery of pictures, arranged according to the different schools of painting. At present there are 980 of them. There are about sixteen theatres, none so large as Covent Garden. We frequent the theatres much, as the best French is spoken there, and by having the book before us we learn something of the pronunciation. We have seen the spot where the Bastille stood, now converted into a timber yard. Nothing remains but a large statue. We have been staying in a hotel since we came, but find it would not be convenient for long, as we have to go out to a restaurant for our dinner. However, we have at last found a boarding house, where I am

sure we shall be comfortable. The mistress of the house is willing to do all she can for us. As to our large trunk, which my mother was anxious about, we had no trouble whatever. It arrived in Paris the day after we did. Our letters of introduction to persons of Mr. Moore's acquaintance have all been of great use. They have been particularly kind to us, not only showing us the curiosities but likewise introducing us to the best company in Paris. We hope in a short time to get to speak French tolerably. The French people are very polite, not only in endeavouring to understand, but also in correcting us when we speak ill. We have bought several books—Moliere's plays, Voltaire's and Racine's works, and Buffon's "Natural History," which is a large work in 65 volumes, for which we only gave £8. I am surprised the weather is severe in Lancashire; here it is like spring. Asparagus you see in great abundance. The climate is different from that of England; no fogs and no smoke as in London. I begin to like the cooking better; yet I shall never take to the "Fricandeau," which is a terrible dish—composed of beef, spinach oil and bacon. I have only got my mother one recipe yet. The dress of the ladies here is very different from that in England. They are so "décolletées" that they appear scarcely to wear any clothes at all. This

seems very indecent! Burton joins me in remembrance to all at home and at Stand Lane and The Park.—Believe me, etc.,

NATHANIEL PHILIPS.

P.S.—We are all well. I was never happier or better in my life. I hope you are the same. You forgot to mention how my grandfather was. I desire in future you will mention him and Mrs. Holland [his housekeeper]. You cannot be uneasy about us as we always write weekly.

Paris, April 17, 1802.

MY DEAR MOTHER,—

By a letter received from Sam, I learn my father is in Staffordshire, but hope you would see a letter addressed to him from Dr. Roget. I suppose you are now perfectly at ease about us, as we have been settled here comfortably some time. The *only* thing we can complain of is the want of cleanliness in one particular, but this is the peculiar foible of France. We were yesterday at the Monthy Parade at the Tuileries, and were lucky enough, by means of our French master, to get admitted to one of the parlours of the Governor of the Palace, where we had a window to ourselves. We had an excellent sight of the First Consul, and, though the day was wet, he

rode by us twice, and stationed himself nearly opposite to us during the rest of the time. It is the only way to see him well, and the Review is a most entertaining spectacle. There were this time 6,000 soldiers. The houses of the gentry in Paris are totally excluded from public view. The front is screened by a high wall with an iron door, the entrance guarded by a porter's lodge. Two or three families live in different apartments in the same house. When one of the families invites company, the other families attend. We were invited by Madame Geyler (whose husband is partner with Mr. Martel) to a ball. The company numbered 150. Only about 16 danced. These were capital dancers. The rest stood by applauding, so that dancing is no more an amusement, but a contest who shall excel. A lady ascended by herself in a balloon the other day. We got near enough to see the rope that held it cut, on which it went a great height. The descent was made in safety two hours later. This was her second ascent. Balloons are common in Paris, where they are said to have been first invented. We saw Vestris* at the opera last week. He is a surprising dancer, as his father was before him. The latter is said to have been so puffed up with his success that

* The husband of Madame Vestris, who, on his death, married Charles Matthews.

he exclaimed: "There are only three great men in the world—myself, the King of Prussia, and Voltaire!" The opera dancers and the actors at the theatres are superior to any we have in London. We have paid a visit to the Church of "Notre Dame" in the heart of Paris. The ascent of the tower by 360 steps gives one a beautiful view of the city and of the course of the Seine. No fogs obscure this view. The windows (four of them large circles) are all filled with stained glass. The organ has 14 bellows, 3,800 pipes and six rows of keys. The "Te Deum," which has not been given there for several years, will be sung at Easter in celebration of the Peace. Tell my father that Mons. Chauvet, the elder, whom we saw at Kensington, is expected in Paris by Dr. Roget in a week or two. We may travel in his company to Geneva. Our dancing master we are well satisfied with. There were no great demonstrations of joy in Paris on account of the Peace, but the Tuileries was splendidly illuminated. It is said that the packet boats are filled with Englishmen coming over to Paris. The spring has fairly set in. We hope to find Geneva in great beauty. All who have been there seem charmed with it. We went to the Bois de Boulogne the other day. It extends four miles, and is the resort of all the gay company of Paris between the

hours of 3 and 6 p.m. It is absolutely necessary to go to these public places. You are always asked if you have visited them. We shall go to the Picture Gallery to-morrow with a Commissioner who will show us the choicest paintings. We are engaged at our studies till 3 o'clock and then go out for our exercise. Dr. Roget sends his remembrances, etc.

J. B. Philips.

From Dr. Roget to Mr. J. Philips.

Paris, about April 16, 1802.

Dear Sir,—

I was just taking my pen to write to you when your letter of March 18 arrived. We have passed our time very pleasantly and trust we have not spent it unprofitably. Having seen the principal objects of curiosity, we are now applying ourselves with great steadiness to study. My young friends are making great progress in French. At first they were a little discouraged at finding they knew so much less of the language than they imagined, but this has been a favourable circumstance as it has shown them the necessity for close application. Mons. Bousset, their French master, is attentive about their pronunciation, in which they are much improved. We often go to the theatre and, by

reading the play beforehand, they begin to understand the actors pretty well. I have been persuaded of the greater progress they would make if they had daily opportunity of mixing in conversation at a French table, and this has made me wish to meet with a creditable boarding-house. A lady, recommended to us by Mr. de la Roche, has such a house. She was, however, not able to take us till last week. We are now fixed in her house and find it more comfortable than our hotel. Madame Polier seems extremely desirous to please us. Our street is less central but it is higher, and the air is better on that account. We are near the Hill of Montmartre, and there is a pleasant walk to the top of it, with a fine view of Paris and of the country north of it. The windows of our apartments look on a small garden. The rooms are clean and cheerful. Now that we are settled we are able to apply to business without interruption. We go daily to the Botanic Gardens, of which the Museum of Natural History forms part. Here is the most superior collection in Europe. It is a complete inventory of Nature, and arranged in a way that greatly facilitates the study of that branch of science. As this is the best opportunity your sons will have of pursuing it, I have obtained them tickets, which admit us on the days when the public is excluded. I have bought

them a good edition of Buffon. By comparing his description with the object as it appears before them, they will gain knowledge more easily than through description alone. Burton and Nathaniel have separate books in which they describe what they have seen, a plan which at once exercises the memory and gives an exercise in composition. However deficient Nathaniel may be in this particular, your suspicions with respect to the authenticity of his letters were unfounded. All the help he received from me was correction in occasional faults of orthography. The expressions were entirely his own. Mons. Bousset comes on alternate days. They translate a couple of pages of French into English and afterwards back into French, laying aside the books. I reserve the more serious studies, as those connected with Mathematics, for Geneva. *Mons. Chauvet will be here shortly, and we shall probably set out for Geneva a day or two after him. There was a time when I trembled for the issue of the negotiations. It would not have been pleasant to have undertaken the journey whilst the Treaty was yet uncertain. Now I can congratulate you on the conclusion of peace. I have no room to give you an account of the illuminations, but this topic,

* Mons. Chauvet had been tutor to Dr. Roget in England, and was now re-establishing his home in Geneva.

with Madame Geyler's Ball, the Carnival, the ascension of Madame Garniere alone in a balloon, I leave to be adorned by the descriptions of your sons. They send their love, and I beg to join my compliments.—With much esteem, I remain, Sir, etc.,

P. Roget.

Manchester,
April 19, 1802.
(Easter Monday).

From Mr. J. Philips to Dr. Roget.

Dear Sir,—

I have the pleasure to acknowledge your favour of March 29, the contents of which have afforded me great satisfaction, by stating pretty fully how you are going on, and the comfortable manner in which you reside with Madame Polier. Your plans of business appear to me exceedingly well arranged, and you seem to take every advantage possible of those branches of science which can studied with special advantage in Paris. It only remains for Burton and Nathaniel to second your views by a vigilant application, which I have no doubt will be the case. You certainly have not suffered the "grass to grow under your feet" since you landed in France. From your letters and those of the boys, few things

worthy of observation can have escaped your notice. I am glad to hear you are expecting Mons. Chauvet soon in Paris. I hope there is every prospect of your being comfortably fixed at Geneva. God grant you all a safe and pleasant journey there! I have full confidence in any plans you may adopt with a view to my sons' improvement, knowing that existing circumstances must guide your ideas. I shall be happy to hear from you whenever you have a little leisure, and in your next letter mention the state of health of all three of you. This, which you omitted in your last letter, is always peculiarly acceptable to Mrs. Philips. My last was dated April 5th. Whilst I am writing, Burton's letter to his mother of (I suppose) April 7th has arrived, and has given us great pleasure. The improvement in Nathaniel's health is what you and I expected. Pray have you been attacked by the prevalent bilious complaint? (?La Grippe). Our friend, *Henry, is going on very well with the soda water. He has more orders than he can execute at present. Mrs. Philips desires me to tell B. and N. that she will now answer their letters regularly, and I must refer them to her for family news. The Peace has made very little difference here as yet. Trade continues feeble and languid, and considerable time must elapse before

* Dr. Henry, the patentee of magnesia.

it returns into a proper channel. I shall let Mr. Moore know what you say respecting his letter to Mons. Baguenault. I am exceedingly sorry for the awkward situation you must have been placed in. Probably the letter was wrongly directed. The spring is remarkably backward with us. A few early trees (*e.g.*, horse chestnut) are coming into leaf, and there is a great show for fruit. We have only cut cucumber about ten days ago. From Burton's account of the climate of Paris, you must be at least four to five weeks forwarder than the North of England. I wish it was in my power to shake you all by the hand before you leave Paris, but it will not be possible for me to leave home at present. I shall be happy to hear that you continue to receive pleasing accounts from Mrs. and Miss Roget (mother and sister). Remember me affectionately to B. and N., with much esteem.—I remain, etc.,

JNO. PHILIPS.

Paris, April 18, 1802.

MY DEAR FATHER AND MOTHER,—

Your letter came to hand six days ago, being above a fortnight on the way. You will be glad to hear that Mons. Chauvet has arrived. He only stays ten days and then goes on to Geneva. Dr. Roget has spoken to him about our lodging at his house, and he

is very willing to comply with his request. Mons. and Madame Chauvet are known to everyone in Geneva, and so we shall be introduced to the best society. As they have been so long in England, they will still wish to have all the comforts they enjoyed there—to which the French are strangers. Their house at Geneva is a quarter of a mile from the town and near the lake, a pleasant situation for the summer. In the winter Mons. Chauvet will move into the town. *The "Te Deum" (which Burton mentioned in his letter) was performed to-day at Notre Dame. I shall copy the account from to-day's paper:—"At 6 o'clock this morning the First Consul promulgated the laws of public worship. This was announced to the people by 60 discharges of cannon. At 8 o'clock the police published it in all the streets of Paris. At 10 o'clock the First Consul gave the colours to the Battalion of Egalité. At 10-30 the Corps Legislatif and the Tribunat passed with Guards to the Church of Notre Dame. The Pope's legate French prelates and clergy followed at 11 o'clock. Then the First Consul, accompanied by his Generals and the Foreign Ambassadors, left the Tuileries for the Church. His departure and arrival were

*This was called "La Paix Religieuse," inaugurated by Bonaparte with great pomp in the Cathedral of Notre Dame. The concordat had been signed previously, July 15, 1801, with Cardinal Consalvi, Legate of Pius VII.

announced by salutes of 60 guns. The great bell of Notre Dame, which had been silent 10 years, was rung at the same time. Near the high altar was erected a sort of throne on which Bonaparte seated himself with the Second and Third Consuls on his right and left. His brothers and Madame Bonaparte sat opposite in the gallery; the Ambassadors and Ministers on either side. The legate was under a canopy opposite to Bonaparte—to whom he addressed himself, and who then replied. The body of the Church was filled by soldiers. The 'Te Deum' for the restoration of Peace and Religion was then sung, and this concluded the ceremony. The large organ was played, and the orchestra included 400 musicians." We applied to some friends for tickets, but neither they nor anyone else of our acquaintance succeeded in obtaining them; so we missed this ceremony. No one was allowed inside the Cathedral except those who followed in the train of the First Consul. We, however, witnessed the procession, along with Mr. Chauvet, from the window of a house which commanded one of the streets along which it passed. Bonaparte bowed in response to the applause of the populace. His carriage was drawn by eight superbly decorated horses. Immediately after it came six Arabian horses, led by Mamelukes from Egypt. After these marched the troops to the number of

10,000. The carriages of the Ambassadors followed in succession. Paris was illuminated in the evening. You mention that you would be glad to know my sentiments with respect to the question, whether the Parisian ladies excel the English in beauty. I, who am, as you know, rather a judge in such matters, give a decided preference to my countrywomen. The French are, in general, short, rouge up to the eyes, and dress their hair with oil, which appears to me ridiculous. We talk of going to Geneva in a month's time. It will be the pleasantest part of the year to travel in , with the trees in leaf and the fields green. Our journey will lie through a beautiful country.—With much love, I am, etc.,

NATHANIEL PHILIPS.

It appears, from a letter dated May 7th, by the same writer, that the trio had on the previous day made the favourite excursion to Versailles, returning by St. Cloud (which is mentioned as being prepared for Bonaparte's occupation in summer), and the China manufactory at Sevres. As the general description of Versailles differs very little from what might be written at the present day, I do not print the letter. The Musée Historique did not exist in those days,

as it owed its foundation to Louis Philippe. The next letter is from my Uncle Burton, dated May 20th, merely to say that they have, after much delay, obtained their passports, and are leaving Paris the following day for Geneva.

As there are no more letters until the arrival of the party at Lyons, I will make use of some notes of the journey, written by Dr. Roget, which will supplement the next letter by my uncle Burton with his version of their experiences on the way.

After a great deal of trouble and delay in procuring passports, and much fatigue in making the necessary arrangements for our journey, we felt very happy when at eight a.m. on May 22 we cleared the gates of Paris. We had been joined a week before by Edgeworth, who was fortunately going to Geneva by the same route. We set out in the following order:—Our party, in the French post-chaise we had purchased, led the van, and Edgeworth and his squire brought up the rear in a chaise he has carried over from England. In order to avoid racketing once more over the rugged pavement of Paris, we made a silent retreat along the boulevards. No sooner were we past the Barriere than we were struck

with the sudden contrast between town and country which this abrupt transition presents. It was like magic to emerge from the busy scenes of the metropolis and suddenly find ourselves upon an extensive plain deserted and forlorn. We took the road through Charenton, where we crossed the Seine, and began to pass along lengthened avenues of trees, perfectly straight and uniform. The din of carriages was still vibrating in our ears, but not a vehicle or even an inhabitant was to be seen. The heat began very early in the day to be oppressive. It was quite that of the "dog days" in England. We had formed the plan of setting out every day as soon as it was light, and of resting during the hottest part of the afternoon. The first article we punctually executed, but we never found it expedient to adopt the latter. We never met with comfortable inns at the time we wanted them, and generally found our chaise more cool and comfortable than the close rooms we were shown into; so that, except stopping for breakfast, we always preferred accomplishing at once the whole of our day's journey. We reached the forest after passing through Lieusaint. In several places we remarked obelisks in the middle of the roadway, whether for use or for ornament we could not decide. The first evening brought us to Fontainebleau. The approach

to the town through the forest is extremely fine. Gentle risings and declivities present a pleasing variety, and the abundance of large scattered masses of rock creates a beautiful contrast with the lively verdure of the new foliage. Fontainebleau is a handsome town, with wide streets. The inn is good.

The inn thus praised was no doubt the Hotel de France, opposite the Palace. It must have existed in that spot for at least three centuries. It is still a perfect specimen of an old fashioned French inn of the best class; in externals but little changed, though its exquisite cleanliness and comfort are up to the most exacting modern standard. Those windows have looked on many Royal entries and departures from the days of "Henri Quatre," downwards. When our travellers spent the night there, the most remarkable Royal exit was yet twelve years distant. It was in the Spring of 1814, when the trees of the forests were first bursting into leaf that a travelling carriage passed out under the windows of the Hotel de France, bearing Buonaparte to his exile in Elba. A few minutes only had elapsed since his lips had pressed the

Eagle of the Colours, when the veterans of the Imperial Guard sobbed aloud. How little could these Englishmen, who had just seen him going, with all the pomp of Royalty, to Notre Dame, have dreamt of such a scene as the Courtyard of Fontainebleau always now conjures up!

The Chateau of Fontainebleau (Dr. Roget continues), which we went to see in the evening, disappointed our expectations. It might formerly have been well worth seeing, but it has suffered greatly from the fury of the mob; and now, stripped of its ancient honours, it stands a monument of the devastation wrought by revolutionary storms. It is converted into the Central School of the Department. The Library is a mere depôt of old editions of antiquated books. We were shown, in the centre of one of the artificial sheets of water adjoining the Courts, a small building in imitation of a castle, where it is said that Catherine de Medicis used to shut herself up when she held her secret councils, having chosen this spot as a security from the danger of being overheard or interrupted. In a long gallery, called the room of Francis the 1st, were faded paintings attributed to Leonard du Vinci. The only room which has suffered no change is the

boudoir of the Queen. Superb pier glasses occupy three of the sides. One of them reaches down to the floor and gives the effect of a passage to another room.

The next morning we again entered the forest, which on all sides surrounds the town of Fontainebleau. We started very early, and had already proceeded some miles when the sun rose in all its splendour. Woods and rocks, as if at a given signal, caught the blaze which soon overspread the forest. The country about Nemours is beautiful. The river (Loing, an affluent of the Seine) meanders on the right through cultivated meadows, while the low hills on the left present fine groups of rocks with basaltic forms. The roads, however, had changed for the worse. We had deserted the pavement we had hitherto enjoyed from Paris to Nemours, and had to pass over most uneven roadways with deep furrows. The beauty of the landscape also passed away as we reached barren and sandy plains (the watershed between the Seine and Loire) over which we should willingly have slumbered if the jolting of the carriage would have permitted us. We had breakfast at Fontenoy at a miserable inn, and then the half of a tedious day was spent in crossing this dull tract of country, the savageness of which appeared not to have been confined to the land. The inhabitants seemed to have caught the infection. But the face

of Nature suddenly revived as we approached the Loire. Once more the land yielded to the plough, the fields resumed their verdure, and signs of prosperity began to appear. It was at a little distance from Briare that this welcome change took place. With the sight of the Loire the features of the landscape were at once softened. The current of the river is slow and almost imperceptible. Its waters appear to linger on the sands which compose its flat banks, and divide the river into many streams, leaving islands round which they gently wind. Vineyards now began for the first time to be frequent, clothing the gentle declivities of the banks. We pursued the course of the river for the rest of the day until we reached Cosne, where we took up our night's lodging at a good inn. We were struck with the cleanliness of the people and the neatness of their dress, sure tokens of comfort and domestic happiness. Many of the women were very pretty, and wore smiling faces. At the inn at Cosne, and elsewhere, we were plagued with a number of women asking us to buy knives, cork-screws, gloves and trinkets.

The following morning we passed on through a pleasant country to La Charité. On one side as we entered this town stood the ruins of a large and extensive castle and ramparts. On the other was a manufactory of buttons. Trade, we were told, was very dull. The country round was very rich and

well cultivated, intersected by inclosures with hedges, a sight to which we had been long unaccustomed. Whenever we came upon rising ground we were gratified with rich and enchanting prospects. That night we reached Moulins. In the evening we walked round the ramparts, and were serenaded by a very fine Dutch concert. Among the great variety of musicians, a few of the ablest only can be particularized. The principal performers were the frogs. Ducks, too, bore a leading part. Crows and grasshoppers frequently intermingled their melodious notes. Peacocks lent their aid, and asses occasionally joined in when there was occasion for a full chorus. Each in turn bore away the palm for loudness; but the frogs seemed most ambitious of distinction. All strained their throats to hail the approaching thunderstorm. The air was perfectly still, when a sudden whirlwind surprised us before we could tell in which direction it came. Clouds of dust arose in an instant on every side, and enveloped us in their vortex. We sought shelter by a precipitate flight, but being blinded by dust lost our way, and wandered about for some time in the town before we could find our inn.

The next day's journey brought us in view of a range of mountains in shape resembling the Pentlands, but wooded. These were "Les Montagnes des Forêts." Near Droiturier we got a magnificent

view, across a plain, of the high mountains of Auvergne. We were still 18 leagues from them. The highest, "Le Puy de Dome," terminated the range on the right. We passed the night at Roanne, and the next morning were ferried across the Loire, to which we bade a final adieu. The road continued rough and hilly all the way to Lyons. Our carriages sustained without injury the formidable descent of Mount Tarare. We were disappointed of the prospect we had expected from the summit, which in clear weather commands a view of Mont Blanc. We had our telescopes out to no purpose. The valley into which we descended was lovely. Its beauty quite fascinated us. Such a scene would at all times have highly gratified us, but, after three months' confinement in the atmosphere of Paris, it inspired us with transport. We had breakfast at the town of Tarare, and reached Lyons at four in the afternoon of May 26. We got good lodgings at a hotel.

The environs of Lyons are delightful. The town itself must have been very fine before the Revolution. But all its days of prosperity are now past. No part of France has suffered more from the turbulence and barbarity of the times. The dire effects of the Revolution are everywhere visible. Many of the finest parts of the town are cumbered with heaps of ruins. With a population estimated at 150,000 none has the courage to step forward. The spirit of

enterprise seems totally extinguished, and all is at a stand. Nor shall we think it wonderful, if we but listen to the details of the most horrible of sieges.* Events like these are enough to shake all confidence to its foundation. Time must obliterate their memory before their effects can cease, and before the drooping commerce of Lyons can revive and lift up her head. It must be confessed that the circumstances of our stay at Lyons were not calculated to leave a favourable impression of the place; for I was ill one half of the time, and Edgeworth the other.

The journey to Geneva was resumed on June 4 at eight in the morning in very hot weather. The road was good, and, as far as Montluel, followed the course of the Rhone. The country looked fertile and pleasant. We halted at Pont d'Ain, where the civility of the host and the air of cleanliness induced us to deviate from our intention and to stay for a

* This siege had taken place nine years before—in 1793—when the friends of Constitutional government, having risen up against the Terrorists (who had possession of the Municipality) and re-established the reign of justice and order, were besieged by the Army of the National Convention. After a defence lasting 63 days, in which 30,000 citizens took part, the town, reduced by famine, was yielded up, Oct. 9, 1793. Its destruction was decreed, and a massacre of its defenders followed. A column was ordered to be erected in a conspicuous place, bearing for an inscription these words: "Lyon fit la guêrre à la Liberté—Lyon n'est plus."

luncheon, which afterwards passed for dinner. The scenery became bolder when we left Pont d'Ain, and bore a great resemblance to that of Matlock. At a small village where we halted the inhabitants flocked round us as if travelling carriages were a rare sight. The night was passed at Bellegarde, where the Rhone pursues a subterranean course for about 120 yards* (Perte du Rhone).

The party arrived at Geneva on June 5, and Dr. Roget and his pupils took up their quarters with the Chauvets.

Lyons, May 29, 1802.

My Dear Father,—

I sit down to describe to you our journey from Paris. I must tell you that Dr. Roget, after much advice and consultation, bought a carriage. It is an admirable one, well-adapted to our purpose, being rather larger than ordinary, with double springs, so that, in case of an accident to one of them, the other prevents an overturn. On the top is a valise which contained our linen and that of Dr. Roget. Under our feet there is a large well, where our portmanteaus went. On the "boot" in front was fixed our trunk

* This "perte du Rhone" is now lost as a wonder. Industrial establishments have made use of the hydraulic power, and a large portion of the river flows along its upper bed open to-day.

filled with our books. The wheels and body are strong, and everything commodious. It cost £50. Mr. Edgeworth travelled with his servant in a carriage he brought from England. He will reside some time in Geneva. From so large a town as Paris it was not possible to set out very early. However, we got clear of the place at nine o'clock. Nothing worthy of note presented itself till we reached the forest of Fontainebleau, in which are immense rocks scattered amongst the trees. Here is an old palace built by Francis I. Before the Revolution it served as the residence of the King for hunting. Some of the apartments escaped injury when the mob broke in. Next morning (the 23rd) we rose at three o'clock, and drove on through very fine forest scenery to Fontenoy, where we breakfasted. We felt rather starved, having come 25 miles. The Post House is a very bad one, and the road on to Briare very rough. At Briare the River Loire presented itself, a peaceful shallow river divided by sandbanks. We reached Cosne, a pretty village, where we slept, having come 75 miles. From there we started at three a.m., with the Loire on our right and vineyards on the left, as far as Nevers. This is a filthy town. The pavement was in a dreadful state, with loose stones. There we stopped for breakfast, having travelled 30 miles. From this place we followed the valley of the Allier through

a beautifully wooded country to Moulins, a town of modest size. At every village the vulcans of the place are very officious expecting that the carriage may have broken a spring or something. One of them expressed his disappointment aloud, saying, "Ah! Diable! il n'y a rien cassé." The inns are shocking; the beds dirty—two or three in a room; where you have to dine. The apartments are badly fitted, the walls white-washed, and the tapestry so old and ragged as to be a fit nest for spiders and moths. For a table there is only a board laid on cross-bars. The oak chairs have rush bottoms. Their perpendicular backs defy all attempts at rest. Doors give music as well as entrance. The wind whistles through the cracks and the hinges grate discord. Windows admit rain as well as light. Mops, brushes and brooms are not in the catalogue of the belongings of a French inn. Bells there are none. The *fille de chambre* must be bawled for. The one at Moulins was absolutely bare-legged. Imposition is the rule at these inns. We should have been very willing to travel through the night, but the thought of losing the sight of a beautiful country made us dismiss that plan. We, as usual, left Moulins at three a.m. The country was charming, beginning to be mountainous. We took up our quarters for the night at Roanne, leaving one more day to reach Lyons. Here we had to cross the Allier by a ferry.

The boat is well managed. The carriages are drawn on to it by horses, and the passage only occupies two or three minutes. A bridge is now being built. The road on to Lyons ascends, gaining a height from which a vast extent of country is visible. This was when we were crossing a portion of Mont Tarare. From the summit a still wider view, of at least 100 miles, is obtained. On the horizon we plainly saw the Alps—the snow and the shadows on their sides. The summits we could not see. The descent of Mont Tarare is very steep for two miles. At its foot we found the village of Tarare, where we had breakfast. It did not take long to reach the environs of Lyons, which are beyond everything charming from the woods surrounding the Chateaux. On entering the town we first went to the Hotel de l'Europe, which was full. Next we tried the Hotel des Celestins; that too was full. Then we applied to a banker for whom Ollivier and Co. had given us a letter. He took us to the Hotel de Milan, near his house. I must tell you something of Lyons, which seems to have suffered dreadfully in the Revolution, and is now only just beginning to recover. The town stands low, hemmed in by rocky heights. The Rhone flows with prodigious rapidity on one side of the town, and the best houses overlook it. The Saone runs through the centre of the city, and at the further end the rivers meet. Below Lyons the 150 miles to Avignon can be travelled by water in 24

hours. This gives an idea of the rapidity of the Rhone current, but no boat can return that way. The Hotel de Ville is the principal building in the Place de la Liberté. L'Hopital stands by the side of the Rhone. Mr. Mitchell, who is in the banker's house here, told us that when the city was beseiged in 1793 the troops of the Convention fired at the hospital, and the sick had to make their escape as best they could. Three thousand youths were killed in the course of the fight. The town was reduced by famine after the inhabitants had eaten dogs, cats and horses. When the surrender took place the richest inhabitants were plundered and most of them executed. The Place de Bellecour, which had a statue of Louis XIV., and was the site of several public buildings, is now nothing but a heap of stones. Bonaparte has offered to pay for the rebuilding, and he himself laid the first stone. A street is named after him. The inhabitants, however, have no perseverance to continue rebuilding. They have suffered not only from the Revolution by also from recent inundations. Everything is at a standstill. The chief manufacture is silk. A pair of best silk stockings may be had for 7s. For £10 you might buy enough black silk to last a lifetime. The weather is exceedingly hot, but Nat and I were never better in our lives. Yesterday evening we saw Mont Blanc distinctly.—Your affectionate son,

J. Burton Philips.

Geneva, June 9, 1802.

My Dear Uncle Sam,—

Your much esteemed letter I deferred answering till our arrival in Geneva. I must now give you a description of our journey from Lyons. We soon found it was 115 miles to Geneva, a much greater distance than we supposed. We managed it in two days. We left Lyons, taking the course of the Rhone for three posts, travelling through a country covered with vineyards. The peasants subsist chiefly by their produce. We saw the "Perte du Rhone." The river loses itself for about 200 yards, between two deep rocks, and then reappears. The atmosphere was very hazy, and so we got no distinct view of the Alps. The road, which at first was bad, began to be more like those in England. How much is the pleasure of travelling in France destroyed by the miserable roads! I was glad to see repairs in progress. We crossed the Rhone at Pont d'Ain. The country is romantic in the highest degree. Dr. Roget thought it bore a faint resemblance to Matlock. At the village of Cerdun we had five horses to drag us up an ascent of two miles. We had in view a ruined castle crowning a mountain precipice of basaltic rock. Cascades were frequent, falling from a great height. This was in

point of grandeur and beauty by far the most enchanting country we had seen. Scenery of this sort was not to be enjoyed without walking, so we were in and out of the carriage incessantly. The environs of Geneva are filled with chateaux standing in gardens. Mr. Chauvet's country house was too small to take us in, but he has fixed us close by him. His house in town is a very good one, and he will be able to lodge us all during the winter. At present we are a quarter of a mile outside. The garden only separates us from the lake. The Salève, Mole, and Mont Blanc are in view. The latter, though 40 miles distant, appears close at hand. We can look up the lake, which is 60 miles long. It is perfectly clear to the bottom, and rises and falls in the course of the day. Perhaps the melting of snow accounts for this. The town itself I have not seen. When I take this letter to the post I shall make my first entrée. Geneva is particularly adapted for study. Mons. Pichet, the professor of Chemistry, is a charming man. He begins his lectures in August. The society is very good, and if you are received into one respectable family you are received into all. We brought letters of introduction from Paris. There has been a dreadful blizzard here. The snow, Mr. Chauvet says, fell for 24 hours. We have heard of an excellent drawing master in landscape painting, but he is generally shunned, being a great hand at

caricature. Tell my father we had received his letter. Dr. Roget will write to him. Please direct to us, care of Mr. David Chauvet, Geneva, *par Paris*. The post house people in London are so stupid as frequently to mistake Geneva for Genoa. We had a thunderstorm the other night. I am sure our room was in a constant blaze of lightning for an hour. We have no such storms in England. I suppose you have heard of the *conspiracy against the First Consul. We were at the Parade, and witnessed the affair. Massena is in the Temple. I hope you will favour us with a letter.—I remain, your ever affectionate nephew,

J. Burton Philips.

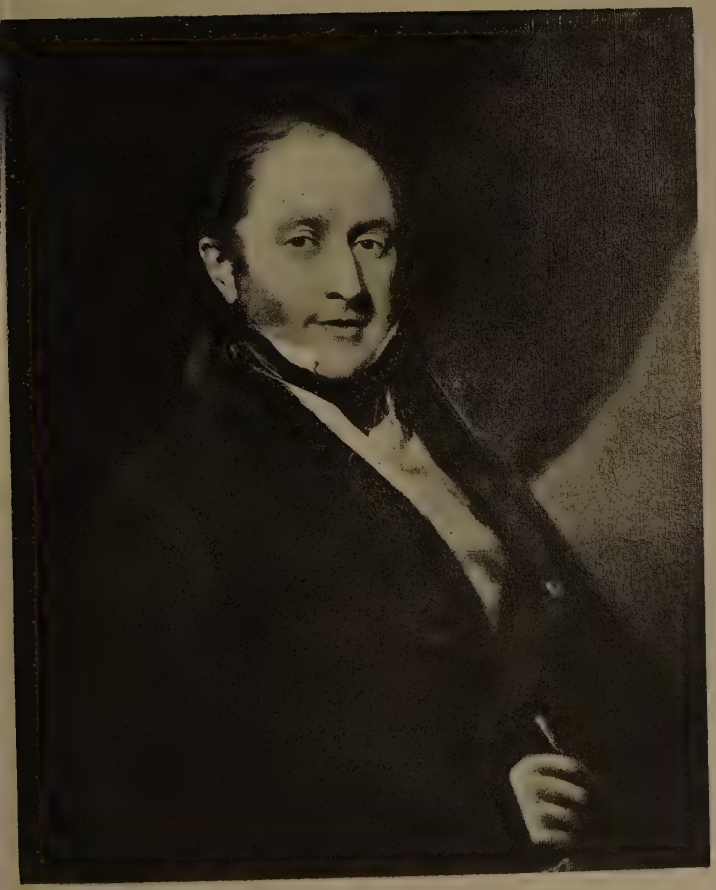
Dr. Roget to Mr. J. Philips.

Geneva, June 21, 1802.

Dear Sir,—

A fortnight has elapsed since our arrival here. The time has passed so smoothly and so pleasantly that hours and days have slipped by without being perceived. Geneva has surpassed my expectations. The beauty of the situation, the appearance of comfort that surrounds us, and the excellent society

* Ordinary histories are silent on this matter. Probably some incident of no importance had been magnified by the Paris newspapers.



JOHN BURTON PHILIPS.

give us every prospect of passing our happiest days in this enchanting spot. Burton's letter to his uncle will have informed you of our household, but I cannot avoid remarking our good fortune in meeting with such friends as Mons. and Madame Chauvet. Had it not been for them I do not know where we could have been comfortably lodged. Lodgings are very dear and scarce. The population has increased prodigiously within these two years. †The French have filled the town, and a great number of English have lately come. They have raised the price of everything. Bread is as dear as in London. It is astonishing with what eagerness houses are sought after. The one Mons. Chauvet occupies he was obliged to take for a year from January 1, 1802. He has just taken a larger one for the winter from the middle of August. It was with a good deal of difficulty he got it at all. Had not Mons. Chauvet been apprised of our approach two months ago, and had he not made enquiries in time, we might have had no choice left us but to remain at an inn as Mr. Edgeworth is obliged to do. Mons Chauvet has met with a most cordial reception from his countrymen, which has given him much gratification. He sees the best company in Geneva. In the winter we

† Geneva had been annexed to France, after a period of internal strife and disorder, in 1798—four years before the date of this letter.

shall know everybody in town. At present many families are in the country. It is curious, but not to be wondered at, that the French are, in a manner, excluded from society. They are held in universal detestation. On the other hand, the very name of Englishman is an introduction. The Genevese were always partial to the English. With respect to the important business of our studies, your sons have made great progress in French, and I am convinced they will make more rapid advance here, having frequent opportunities of hearing and mixing in French conversation. They are applying to arithmetic. I was surprised at their deficiency in this. We are also going over what they had learnt in Mathematics, of which they had forgotten a good deal. I have endeavoured to cultivate their acquisition in the Classics. We all three translate Sallust, and afterwards compare our versions together. Buffon is still a favourite author in French. I have not yet settled what lectures in College we shall attend. I trust they will be able to understand them as they follow tolerably well a sermon in church. I must say that they deserve praise for their attention and assiduity, and their behaviour towards me calls for my loudest commendation. I believe they are as attached to me as I to them, for more they cannot be. We are perfectly well, notwithstanding the great heat of this

season, with the thermometer at 85° in the shade. I find myself better than I was in Paris. The climate is more healthy, the air being so much drier, as the clearness of the atmosphere shows. Nathaniel is as strong as a lion, and the stoutest of us all. Burton has grown much. I beg you to give my compliments to Mrs. Philips.—I remain, etc., etc.,

P. Roget.

From Mr. J. Philips to Dr. Roget.

Dales, July 5, 1802.

Dear Sir,—

I received your letter of June 21 on the 1st of July. Nathaniel's letter to his grandfather came at the same time. If letters are only eleven days in passing from Manchester to Geneva we shall not complain of want of expedition. Fortune has hitherto attended you since you left England, may she still be kind! But, in no instance, has your good fortune been more conspicuous than in your being able to fix yourselves with the worthy and good M. and Madame Chauvet. You may now look forward to spending some of your happiest days in Geneva. Mrs. Philips regrets she had not the pleasure of knowing Madame Chauvet, but begs you will obtain for her some little present (the selection

of which we must leave to you and my sons—say about five guineas) as a token that she feels sensible of the advantages Burton and Nathaniel will enjoy from being under her roof. We are much gratified by the handsome manner in which you speak of my sons; both as to their attention and assiduity, and their conduct towards you in particular. I must do them the justice to say, it is only what I expected. Your behaviour to them will, I am persuaded, increase their attachment to your person and their attention to your instructions. I am happy to find you are likely to pursue your studies with such advantage at Geneva. It will be impossible for you to determine now what lectures they must attend this winter, until you are fully acquainted with their attainments, and also know how far they have mastered French sufficiently to be able to follow and take down notes from the lecturer. I think, from what you have said, they are very properly employed at present. Don't you think it a useful exercise to turn an English author into Latin occasionally? It is certainly more difficult than translating Latin into English, and it would tend to make your pupils better Latin scholars. As the boys are aware of their deficiency in arithmetic, I doubt not they will take pains to overcome their difficulties. They must know the necessity for their being expert at figures. Their letters do them great

credit. They are not only entertaining, but their style and language are improved. They write with more ease. The weather has been remarkably cold for the last month, and I am now writing by a good fire. It has rained every day for the last week, and the sun has scarcely been visible. If warm weather succeeds, we shall soon be busy in our hayfields.

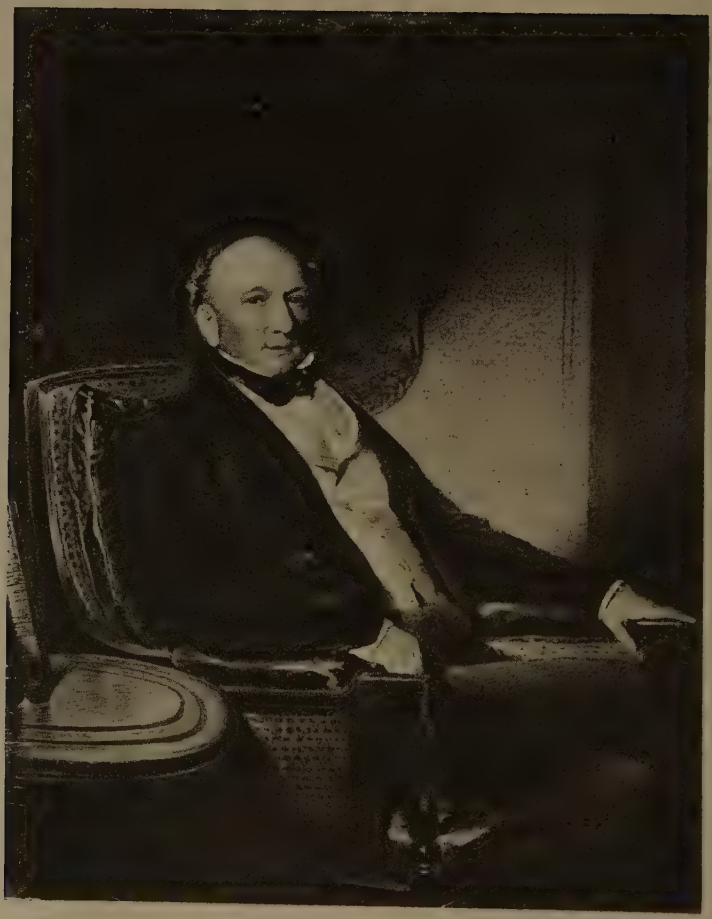
I am now to communicate some intelligence which will sensibly affect you. *Mrs. Holland has been declining for some time and her friends have seen it with concern. She had no particular complaint, but nature was fairly exhausted and she expired on June 29, without having been confined to her room for a *single* day. She was out in the garden the day before her death, so great was her strength of will. She was in her seventy-fourth year. A better and more amiable woman never existed. My father is in good health, and bears his loss with fortitude. It is not determined whether he will come to live with us at The Dales, or look out for some proper person to supply the place of Mrs. Holland. I think he inclines to the latter. Mrs. Philips hopes you will all be careful not to venture on the lake in rough weather, and to be always provided with a good boat. The enthusiasm with which you

*Mrs. Holland was housekeeper to my great-grandfather in Stand Lane, and in the position of a companion.

speak of your residence makes us long to visit Geneva. We look forward to the time when we shall be gratified with an account of what you have seen from your own lips. I shall give directions to Mr. Moore to lodge you a fresh credit. Your expenses do not exceed my ideas. I am struck with the charge of travelling from Paris to Geneva (82 dollars) as exceeding that from London to Paris. You will find an error, in adding up the total expenses, of £10. It is £371 instead of £361. You have certainly judged wisely in purchasing a travelling carriage. I should wish you to pay Mr. Chauvet for his lodgings, etc., in such a manner as to give him complete satisfaction. Be pleased to make my best respects to him and Madame Chauvet. Mrs. Philips, Sam, Eliza and Robert are in the room and beg to be remembered to you. They are making good use of their tongues. Remember me to Mr. Edgeworth.—I remain, etc.,

JOHN PHILIPS.

I presume you intend to enquire after an Italian master when the boys can find leisure to resume their lessons in that language.



NATHANIEL PHILIPS.

Geneva, August, 1802.

My Dear Mother,—

We have been to the glaciers (Chamonix) for four or five days. The journey gave us much pleasure and we are returned in health and safety. We always got up at three o'clock in the morning to avoid the heat. One day we had to walk over a mile of snow. The rays of the sun were strongly reflected from it. The next day my face was swelled and blistered. After some days the skin peeled off, and I was all right again. We are most comfortably settled here. The evenings are delightful. We take our tea in the garden by the lake side, and watch the boats. The sunsets are glorious over the distant mountains. There are beautiful walks by the banks of the Arve and Rhone. Pray thank Margaret for her letter.—I am, dear mother, etc.,

Nathaniel Philips.

My Dear Sister (Margaret),—

I purpose to give you some account of our journey to the glaciers. The road passes first under the mountains near Geneva, the Voirons and Salève, and then reaches the base of the Môle, where stands the small town of Bonneville in the valley of the Arve. Further on the road passes between the Môle and the Brezon to Cluses. Beyond this we got to the Cavern of Balme, which penetrates to 700 feet below the valley. The entrance is covered with

stalactites. We next reached Sallenches. The rest of the journey was impracticable for a carriage, so we sent ours back to meet us in four days at Martigny. We slept at Sallenches, and started on our mules the next morning, ascending to a steep rocky path, commanding glorious views of the mountains and the valley beneath us, till we arrived at Chamonix. Before we went to the inn we visited the Glacier des Bossons accompanied by a guide. We were armed with long-spiked sticks to prevent our sliding and put on green spectacles to protect our eyes from the glare of the snow. The sea of ice is frozen, with enormous crevices. All around we heard explosions like thunder caused by the falling of the ice. *The next morning we ascended the Montan Vers. After three hours march we came in sight of a majestic column straight before us. This was the "Aiguille du Dru." At our feet was a sea of ice. This we traversed and were soon in the climate of Spitzbergen. It was very cold, but the guides had provided great coats for us and also refreshments. We got back to Chamonix by three o'clock in the afternoon. We also made the ascent of the Brévent. On our way up we passed a cow which had been killed by wolves. These brutes

*In some notes made by Dr. Roget it is recorded that their guide at Chamonix was the celebrated Jacques Balmat, the first person who accomplished the accent of Mont Blanc.

make great havoc amongst the cattle. We passed over long tracts of snow, and reached the summit in six hours. We found a marmot. From the Brévent there is the best view of Mont Blanc directly opposite. It is 15,662 feet in height and raises its head over a chain of mountains more than a hundred leagues in length. Beneath us was a view of the Jura Range and of the St. Gothard. I cannot describe the scene; it was so sublime. The following day we again mounted our mules for the journey to Martigny. We traversed the Col de Balme. At Martigny our carriage met us. Our road soon lay by the side of the lake of Geneva—the sloping shores of which are here covered with vines laden with fruit. We halted at Lausanne, which resembles an English town. It has a fine church and also a fine castle. From Lausanne we posted on to Geneva. I have seen Mons. Necker, the former French Minister, and also his daughter, Madame de Stael, who is a very sensible woman(!) You seem to have been delighted with †Mrs. Billington. I heard her when I was in London.—Yours ever,

J. Burton Philips.

† *Mrs. Billington* (now almost forgotten) is stated in the "Dictionary of National Biography" to have been "the greatest singer England ever produced." She was born in Soho, but her father was a German. She sang in Opera between 1794 and 1800 in the principal cities of Italy and made her great fame there. Her most brilliant English career was in its early stage at the date of this letter—died 1818.

(Enclosed in the foregoing letter.)

My Dear Father,—

Mons. Fazey is arrived. He tells me that you had sent us a packet of newspapers, but he was not able to bring them past Calais, as they are forbidden and are not worth concealing, for, if found, we should suffer the consequences. It appears that the brave Swiss will succeed in regaining their liberty, in spite of the menaces of the French. They are unanimous in the resolve to conduct themselves with the greatest wisdom and moderation. It is supposed that Austria protects them. At any rate, nothing can happen to Geneva, which is now a part of France.—Your affectionate son,

J. Burton Philips.

Geneva, Oct. 30, 1802.

Dear Mother,—

We removed a week ago into the town. As to the situation of the house and the view it commands, Dr. Roget's letter informs you. We have every reason to be contented. Winter comes on apace. The high mountains appear to be covered with fresh snow, but it rains in Geneva.. The other day at dinner Madame Chauvet (who likes a joke) had small patés of frog sent up. Nat took one, like the rest of

the company excepting myself. I had my suspicions. Madame C., after my brother had eaten one, said, "Well, Pheleps, how do you find the paté?" "Very good," he replied, and took two more. I then took one, which I confess I found quite enough. Then Madame Chauvet said, "You have eaten frog." They are very rarely served in fricassée even in France. The vulgar idea of the English that it is a common diet is as absurd as that of the French, who suppose that the English like their meat raw. My father's enquiry as to tapes, etc., requires some answer. I am, however, not able to give any satisfactory information. Nothing can enter Switzerland in its present disordered state. The French troops have poured in so that there is an end of that business. However, a Mons. Judentin, to whom Dr. Roget has given an introduction, will call on you in Manchester, so you may be able to hear something about Swiss manufactures. Geneva is now garrisoned by 3,000 French soldiers. The gates are shut at 10 p.m., and any person found without a lantern after that hour is put into the "Corps de Garde," and in the morning taken before the Mayor. Mr. Edgeworth is still here, and will remain in Geneva a part of the winter. He is enraptured with this country. I do not know any of the Englishmen now here. Amongst those who have left were Lord Cholmondley, Lord Brook (son

of Lord Warwick), Lord Henry Patty, and some Irish baronets. Many of the English do much harm by their extravagance, though it is said they do not spend as they did before the war. They seem to lead a very inactive life here, and before the end of two months get tired and leave the place.* As we hear little news from England we should be glad if your letters were more frequent. We are pleased to hear that my grandfather keeps stout. Has he taken a housekeeper yet, or a wife, as he threatened to do?—I remain, etc.,

J. Burton Philips.

To Dr. Roget from Mr. Philips.

Manchester, Nov. 3, 1802.

Dear Sir,—

On my return from Heath House, in Staffordshire, I found your very welcome letter of the 13th of October, which has given us all great pleasure and satisfaction. The comforts and beauties attending your situation at Geneva are everything that could be wished, and I hope you may look forward to a

* They were perhaps of the opinion of Lord Brougham, who wrote to Creevy in 1816 thus: "*Geneva* (uninhabitable). This is a place to be in for 2 hours or 2 hours and a half, if the weather is fine, and no longer. Ennui comes on the third hour and suicide threatens you before night. There is no resource for passing the time except looking at lakes and hills, which is over immediately."

continuance of the health you all at present enjoy. The assurance that the very sound of discord cannot reach Geneva has very much relieved Mrs. Philips's mind. Indeed the situation of affairs in Switzerland has caused much anxiety here, particularly to those people who have friends in the country. We look forward to the time when we shall all meet again in Lancashire, and be gratified with the recital of the interesting scenes you have enjoyed since you left us. The pictures drawn of Burton and Nat with respect to their studies are exact representations of the originals. The resemblance may possibly continue through life; but I trust Nat will profit by experience. They will both no doubt derive the greatest advantages from your excellent advice and example. The plan of study you are pursuing seems every way fitted for the objects proposed, and I am gratified to learn that your labour has been well repaid by the progress B. and N. are daily making. Experiments in chemistry cannot fail to attract their attention when they consider how intimately it is connected with manufactures in general (particularly in Lancashire). I have made the same remarks as yourself in reading their French letters, that they are too English; but this defect will, of course, lessen every day. I am glad to hear they succeed so well in drawing. Margaret (daughter) excels also in this art, so that I may have my parlours ornamented by

my own family. The packet sent by Mr. Fazey contained only Manchester newspapers. I have written to Mr. Moore on the subject of your drawing immediately on George Philips and Co. in London, and have desired him to answer that part of your letter, as I am not so competent to judge respecting exchanges, etc. I hope you have received the letters of introduction you wished for and that they have fully answered your views. I should hope the winter amusements will be sufficiently tempting at Geneva to encourage Nat to take healthy exercise. The next letter we receive will inform us how you like winter quarters We have not yet experienced any cold weather, but have, as usual, plenty of rain. We are pleased to hear you are thinking of flannel waistcoats. It is a prudent maxim to clothe agreeably to the weather, although our fair countrywomen still wear muslin dresses as if it were July or August. Colonel Twiss has spent a few days with me, and enquired very cordially after you all. I told him his friend, Fector, was not over civil to you at Dover. The Colonel has been employed by Government to make a report respecting the state of Ireland, which, he informs me, will not be very flattering. *Mr. Scarlett has been here lately at our Sessions. I dined with

* Afterwards Lord Abinger.

him at † Mr. George Philips's. Your uncle (Mr. Romilly) was very well when we last saw him. Our Parliament meets on the 19th instant, when we may expect very interesting business will occupy the attention of the members. It is not yet known how many parties will arise. Trade in general is dull owing to the unsettled state of Europe. It is very necessary for this country that all differences upon the Continent should be immediately adjusted. Please to tell B. and N. that their old master, Mr. Pope, died suddenly last week. I am glad to say my Father is remarkably well for the time of the year, and our family and "the Park" are all in good health. Mrs. Philips begs to be kindly remembered to you and to Mr. and Mrs. Chauvet. Our most affectionate regards to Burton and Nat.—Believe me, dear sir, your friend and obedient servant, JOHN PHILIPS.

Geneva, Dec. 7, 1802.

MY DEAR MOTHER,—

Along with this letter I put into the post one for my uncle of Heath House (John Philips the elder). I have long thought of writing to him, but something always intervened. My father would probably be in London at the time Mons. Juventin visited

† Created a Bart. in 1828, then resident at Sedgeley House, inherited from his father, Thomas Philips, afterwards of Weston House, Warwickshire.

Manchester. I wish we could contrive to get an English newspaper, but it is almost impossible. I suppose the Xmas holidays have begun. To-morrow evening a lady gives a dance, when we exhibit for the first time. The French dances are totally different from those of the English. I give the preference to the latter. Has the artist been happy with the likeness of my grandfather?* Reading a French paper I see an account of a shipwreck near Dover, a Dutch vessel with 472 persons on board. Eighteen only were said to have escaped, and 200 bodies were washed on shore. Have you heard of this? I should like to know because it is the time when many English families, having visited the Continent, return home by Holland. Considering the severity of the winters at Geneva, it is remarkable that it has continued so mild. On the 2nd of December it was so warm that I could not bear a fire in my room. You need not fear our undertaking any dangerous expeditions. The glaciers are wonderful to see for once, but it is by no means an excursion I should like to take again. There are some in Geneva who spend their lives and fortunes there. Nat would send his love, but he is now snoring loud in bed. It is 11 p.m., and this compels me to finish. Yours very affectionately,

J. Burton Philips.

* This is no doubt the portrait at Heybridge.

From JOHN PHILIPS to his Sons.

London, November 18, 1802.

DEAR BURTON,—

I wrote to Dr. Roget on the 3rd of this month, and informed him that he would hear from Mr. Moore respecting the plan Mr. Chauvet had mentioned of drawing direct upon the house of George Philips and Co. But, as you have now a credit for £500 lodged with Heutsch and Co., of Geneva, Dr. Roget had better continue to draw as he has begun. . . . . I was called to London upon business, rather unexpectedly, and accompanied Mr. and Mrs. George Philips. I hope my stay here will not be longer than a fortnight, as I am unwilling to leave your mother alone, though Robert is really now very good company. We received your letter with an account of the manner in which you have been induced to eat frogs. It afforded no small amusement to the family. Your mother will write to you during my absence, and I hope you will find us very regular correspondents this winter. I have only been in Town a few days, and have not yet seen Mr. Romilly. I shall certainly pay my respects to him before I go. It is a great consolation (considering the very unpleasant situation of Switzerland) that we can hear so regularly from you, and in so short a time. I am anxious to know how the cold

weather agrees with you all. I suppose you have plenty of winter amusements to encourage you to take exercise out of doors. Dr. Roget mentioned in his last letter that Nathaniel is too fond of staying in the house. He should not neglect to take air and exercise. His stature at the best will be but low; therefore he should endeavour to acquire all possible vigour, and so encourage his growth. I expect the family will be removed into Bridge Street on my return. Your mother, as you can conceive, has been very busy in placing the furniture there. She will probably expatiate on this subject in her letter. This situation will be very convenient, as it is near both to the warehouse and the mill.* A bridge is to be built next year over the Irwell at Broughton, by which means we shall come into Salford from the Dales and avoid all the town of Manchester. It will also be nearer, which is another advantage. Dr. Roget's account of the progress of your studies is certainly, upon the whole, very flattering. I am persuaded you will continue to deserve his good opinion, and the more you see of him and know his

* This house in Bridge Street was taken when the former town house in Norfolk Street was given up. It seems to have been used as a residence during some portion of the winter, and was a daily convenience to my grandfather and his partners. The warehouse was that of John and Nathaniel Philips and Co. The mill belonged to the firm of Philips and Lee. My grandfather was a partner in both concerns.

abilities, the greater will be your sense of the advantages you now enjoy. I think Burton writes oftener than Nathaniel. It is whispered the latter promised to write to some ladies in the neighbourhood of the Dales, and has not kept his word. It is never too late to mend. The more Nathaniel accustoms himself to letter writing the better he will like it, and an easy style is only to be acquired by frequent trials. My companions desire to be remembered to all your party.—With best respects to Dr. Roget, I remain, my dearest boys, your affectionate parent,

JOHN PHILIPS.

Geneva, January, 1803.

MY DEAR MOTHER,—

Just as I was sitting down to write to you we got my father's letter of the 18th. No doubt you were all together on Xmas Day. We thought of you much at that time. It is very different here to what it is in England, for, instead of the Xmas Day, it is the New Year's Day which is celebrated. It was then we had an opportunity of making Madame Chauvet a present, with which she was much pleased. I am desired to mention whether we have grown. As to myself, I am but little grown. Burton is four inches taller than I am. I cannot help repeating how pleasant our stay here has been. The society

into which we are introduced begins to be very numerous, and makes the evenings pass agreeably after the day's work. I am glad my father saw Mons. Dumont. We had the pleasure of meeting him at Paris. He travelled with Lord Henry Petty. As he was a great friend of Mons. Chauvet's we often saw him at our house. The weather continues mild. When Mons. Juventin comes to Manchester, tell Sam that if he is not using the book on electricity, by Mr. Broadbent, to send me my copy of it. We will not fail to write to *Uncle Robinson, as my father wishes us to do so.—I am, your truly affectionate son,

NATHANIEL PHILIPS.

Geneva, Feb. 4, 1803.

DEAR FATHER,—

I waited to write in order to give an account of Mr. Chauvet, who has been seriously ill. The doctors now pronounce him out of danger. We received, by accident, six English newspapers, which were highly relished. It seems the Thames is frozen over. Here we have our share of cold and snow, though it is not as severe as I expected. There is a species of amusement going on, which has always been much in vogue here. The body of a gig, fixed

* Mr. Robinson, of Woodlands, Crumpsall, the father of Mr. Sam Robinson, of Wilmslow, and of Lady Heywood.

on slides, and placed half a yard from the ground goes with such rapidity that one might travel from The Dales to Manchester in half an hour in such a vehicle. It is a cheap imitation of a sledge. Letters from Margaret and Sam have reached us. A curious mixture of deaths and marriages! Mr. Edgeworth's father, who is in Paris with his daughter (the novel writer), was lately ordered by the Government to quit the city in 24 hours and France within eight days. No reason was assigned. On enquiry, through some of his friends, he was told that he was supposed to be the brother of Abbé Edgeworth, the Confessor of Louis XVI.* On his stating that he was only a distant cousin of the Abbé the order was recalled. It is a curious thing that three relations of Lovell Edgeworth have been witnesses of the misfortunes of Kings. His great, great grandmother was maid of honour to Henrietta Maria and fled with her to France on the execution of Charles I. His great grandfather commanded the 2nd Regiment under King William at the battle of the Boyne, when James the Second was defeated. The Abbé Edgeworth was the third. The Prefect

* In the Biography of Rd. Edgeworth it is said that Napoleon professed to know nothing of this matter, and treated it as the affair of the Minister of the Interior. The idea which led to the issue of the order no doubt was that Mr. Edgeworth was an agent of the Exiled Royal Family.

of this department died at Geneva the other day and had a very pompous funeral. The balls have been numerous this winter. Here ladies (I don't like to say girls, as Margaret may see my letter) are admitted into Society from 12 years of age to 18, and after that age are thought rather old. The greatest "belles" in this place are not more than 16 years of age. The old ladies keep it up till their last hour. At a ball the other evening there were about half-a-dozen of these dames, dressed after the latest fashion and painted up to the eyes. They were nearly all about 70 years of age. It is a fact that the English dance worse than any other civilised people. They have not that "tourneur" for which the French have always been celebrated in this art. In about a month the only English here will be ourselves and Edgeworth. In summer there will be plenty of them. With love to all at The Dales.—I remain, affectionately yours,

J. Burton Philips.

From Dr. Roget to Mr. J. Philips.

Geneva, February 12, 1803.

Dear Sir,—

Burton tells me he made mention in his last letter of Mons. Chauvet's illness. It now falls to my lot to relate the melancholy sequel. I have eagerly wished, for a long time, to take up my pen in

your service; but deferred writing in hopes of being able to communicate more pleasing intelligence. These good expectations, alas! have been cruelly disappointed. No resource remained but an operation, which was performed without success. He was relieved by it for a short time only. His strength declined and he expired with tranquillity two days later. We yesterday followed the sad procession to the grave. About 300 gentlemen attended the funeral. No man could be more universally regretted by all who knew him. The despair in which his niece and widow are plunged may be imagined. To us the loss is particularly sensible. Never shall we find a house where we can enjoy so many advantages and comforts as in this one, which we are now obliged to leave. We have been out of the house for a week during the sad scenes that have passed in it. I have only time to add that my young friends are in perfect health, with profound esteem, etc., etc.,

P. Roget.

In a letter, dated March 7th, from Nathaniel to his mother, which goes over much the same ground, it is announced that they have quitted finally Madame Chauvet's house, and have established themselves in that of a "Pasteur," Mons. Peschier, a married man, with a wife

whom they greatly liked. In this house they stayed till the abrupt close of their sojourn at Geneva.

Geneva, April 1, 1803.

DEAR FATHER,—

So long a time has elapsed since we heard from you that we conclude one of your letters is lost. In your last to hand you seemed unacquainted with Mr. Chauvet's death. The rumour of war has been talked of here, but all believe the storm will blow over and that peace will be established on a surer basis. The Paris papers seem inclined for peace, but speak of the preparations in England as very active and alarming. Geneva has been generally afflicted with a complaint here called "la grippe" (alias influenza). It does not seem fatal. We hear it prevails in France and in England. There was an accident on the lake the other day. Some peasants with their families attempted to cross it in a storm. The men were intoxicated, the boat was upset and all were lost. Mons. Chauvet left some debts, but they were not considerable. His nephew paid them, and allows Mrs. Chauvet a pension. His furniture and library were sold, and brought much money. The business was managed by the police. Amongst the books was a superb

edition of Milton with engravings, a gift to Mr. Chauvet from Lord Lansdowne, who wrote a handsome compliment to his character on the first page. In England this book might sell for £50, but the nephew would accept 35s. for it. Remember us to all at The Dales, Park, etc.—Your affectionate son,

J. Burton Philips.

Geneva, April 21, 1803.

My Dear Father,—

We have got your letter of March 16. The rumours of war have spread about here during the last six weeks. At this distance we are in the dark about politics. Letters from England confirm things one day, which the French contradict the next. Should this sorrowful event take place it would be less unpleasant than provoking. We are now in the midst of our studies with a very good prospect before us, depending on our industry. It has been Dr. Roget's aim to conduct our studies so that we can derive pleasure from them. Chemistry, which was laid aside when Mr. Chauvet died, is now resumed. As to the French language, Dr. Roget has every reason to be content with us, and if we remain here till the end of the year I am sure we shall speak and write the language perfectly. M. and Mdme. Peschier intend to pass the summer in a country

house near the lake. If we could stay on here we should pass the most delightful summer of our lives. Dr. Roget will be glad to know what you think about this. We are sure to be perfectly safe during the war. as some Englishmen were during the preceding war time. They experienced no inconvenience. In case of any accident we could go to Hamburg, and embark from there for England. We can certainly never be too grateful that you executed the plan of sending us abroad. I hope that when we return we shall have reaped such advantage in Science and general knowledge that your purpose will be attained, and we shall answer the expectations you have formed of us.—Believe me, dear Father, etc.,

NATHANIEL PHILIPS.

Geneva, April 29, 1803.

DEAR FATHER,—

Since Nathaniel addressed you your letter of April 12 has been received. The same uncertainty as to the differences between France and England remains, though the newspapers of to-day look more favourable as far as England is concerned, the stocks having risen. But what is here regarded as a happier omen for peace is that it seems Pitt is not to be re-instated as First Minister. The journals are silent as to political news from Paris, so that

we know nothing except from private letters. There is no doubt of our being able to remain here even in case of war. We have had incessant rain, and to-night we fear a frost. In that case the vineyards would suffer, as the vines are already in flower. I cannot boast of having seen cucumbers yet, but we have asparagus in plenty. The climate of Geneva is subject to changes, as in England, but the summers are more to be depended on. Madame Peschier is a great favourite with us. A young German is the only "pensionnaire" besides ourselves. He has begun to teach Nathaniel German, who in return is to teach him English. Our situation is very airy, opposite the Church of St. Pierre, a noble building; and, like other churches here, not surrounded by a graveyard. All burials take place out of town. Mr. Chauvet's picture has been taken in miniature by the help of portraits taken during his life. We have begun lessons in fencing, which is a most useful exercise. The citizens here teach their children fencing from six years of age, and make them continue the practice till they reach the age of 18. In some families the daughters fence. We are all well. Remember us to all the family.—Your affectionate Son,

J. Burton Philips.

Manchester, May 7, 1803.

My Dear Burton and Nat,—

I wrote you on the 12th April—since which period I have received Dr. Roget's letter of the 31st of March and also Nathaniel's of April 21. The former letter has given us all great pleasure and satisfaction as it states a progressive improvement in your various studies, and gives a sketch of the course you are to pursue during the summer. I wish it was in my power to announce that all the differences between England and France were adjusted. Mr. Addington, the Prime Minister, has pledged himself to a communication on this subject early next week. Although it is the general opinion that we shall avoid a war, still the negotiation is carried on with such secrecy on both sides that it is impossible to know how matters may turn. It is my wish that you should return to England the latter end of the year, agreeably to the plan I have formed of fixing you in business. I shall be glad to hear that this meets with Dr. Roget's approbation. September is, in general, a pleasant month for travelling, but you must be guided by circumstances. I shall leave the exact period of your departure from Geneva to Dr. Roget. If war should eventually break out, Dr. Roget will be best able to judge (with the advice

of his friends) whether you can remain with safety and comfort at Geneva. The disposition of the French Government in such a case would soon be known; and if the Emperor of Germany should remain neutral (which is most probable) you might be permitted at any time to return by way of Hamburg. I should hope, if hostilities take place, both countries would provide for people in your situation. The Duke of Bedford arrived in Paris in the course of last week. I should imagine he would not leave England at this time unless he was certain of being comfortable in France. I find Mr. Peschier purposes residing somewhere on the lake during the summer. It will be much more agreeable to spend the warm months in the country rather than in town, provided it does not interfere with your attendance upon lectures in the college, but of this Dr. Roget will be the best judge. There can be no doubt of your having acquired by the end of the year a sufficient knowledge of the French language for every purpose, and I also hope you will have made as great progress in general literature as you would have done here. Be very diligent for the short time you have to remain with Dr. Roget, as your opportunities for improvement will be comparatively trifling when you have once entered upon business. When it is determined whether we are to have peace or war (which I think will be known

in another week) I shall write to Dr. Roget. In the meantime you will communicate to him the contents of this letter, with my very best respects. I hope you have got a letter from Boddington, Philips and Sharp, respecting money matters, which will be perfectly satisfactory. Our partner, Mr. Lee, was married, about three weeks ago, to a *Miss Ewart, a sister of Mr. Ewart, who is a partner with Mr. Samuel Greg. I am going this evening in a coach to Leek on my way to town. All are well at The Dales, The Park and Stand Lane except little Robert, who has a feverish complaint. Margaret is quite affronted that she does not hear from you. She is really grown a tolerably fine girl and should not be slighted.—Yours affectionately,

JOHN PHILIPS.

From this point onwards the character of the letters changes. The rupture with France had taken place, and Lord Whitworth, the Ambassader, had quitted Paris on May 10th. My grandfather's next letter, May 24th, was naturally devoted to plans for the return of the travellers from Geneva. He did not realise the situation

*One of the daughters of this marriage became the wife of her first cousin, William Ewart, the well-known M.P. for Liverpool.

in which Napoleon's decree for the detention of all British subjects within certain ages, would place Dr. Roget, but he was evidently quite aroused to the necessity of recalling the travellers, and though himself always hopeful, he was evidently distressed by the anxiety which my grandmother was undergoing. His warning to his sons to take care about the tone in which they wrote home was faithfully regarded by them. All their letters during this anxious time made as little as possible of the difficulties they had to meet and overcome. Dr. Roget's next letter, May 30th, fully explained the position in which he was placed, and the impossibility of starting homewards with his pupils, unless his efforts to obtain a passport met with success. The question of a possible separation then naturally arose. I think his letters show that my grandfather was as patient and reasonable as could be expected under this trial.

From John Philips to Dr. Roget.

Manchester, May 24, 1803.

My Dear Sir,—

I wrote to my sons on the 7th, and have since received Burton's letter of the 29th April. In my letter I said I had got yours of March 31st, which I have delayed answering until the event of the negociations was ascertained. In the letter to my sons you would find expressed my wishes and opinions at the time respecting your stay at Geneva. I must confess to you my mind, as you would perceive, has all along been made up that a war would be avoided; but the die now seems to be cast, and it is, I fear, in vain to hope for a change. We live in an era when we cannot forsee events even for a day, and can only act as circumstances fall out. Though it would be very desirable you should remain at Geneva a few months longer, as you are in the midst of your studies, still personal safety must be the first consideration, and, if you should find yourselves placed in an awkward and dangerous situation, it would be desirable to make the best of your way to England. Perhaps, after having seen your friends and relations in London, you might visit Lancashire for a time when the different studies could be completed. Such a plan

would afford a great consolation to Mrs. Philips, who is very uneasy at present. Boddington and Co. have directions to lodge you a fresh credit at Hamburg in case of need, and should there be any interruption in that city, they will do the needful in some other place. If you find it necessary to retire to Neufchatel, there can be no doubt of your procuring the necessary letters at Geneva, or I can furnish you with plenty here. I am afraid we shall experience some check to our correspondence, as letters may easily miscarry at the beginning of a war; and they will also be longer on the road, being sent through Hamburg, which I suppose will be the conveyance. Let us hear from you frequently. Could you procure passports from the French Minister at Geneva for England, which might be made use of as you judged proper? There is no knowing what turn the war may take, and it is best to try to provide against every event. Perhaps your friends at Paris may obtain passports by stating your particular objects and situation at Geneva. But it is of little use for me to point out these precautions, when you, on the spot, can judge so much better how to act according to what you see of the disposition of the French Government. *June 4* so far is nearly a copy of what I wrote you on May 24th, which was forwarded by Boddington and Co., with directions to send it by the conveyance

most likely to arrive quickly at Geneva. Since that time affairs have taken a more decided turn, and we understand that orders have been issued in France to imprison all Englishmen of a certain age by way of reprisal against the men we have taken in the different French vessels we have seized. This order, of course, cannot apply to your party as you are all under age, and my sons considerably so. Mr. Brandt has three sons at present at Neufchatel. He has written to his eldest son, who is engaged in business with him, to write to you immediately on receipt of his letter. If you go to Lausanne (which is probable) you will find Mr. Brandt, jun., has prepared the way for you. Let us hear from you often. We still hope that the war may be soon brought to a close by the interference of the Emperor of Russia, but if you can come conveniently to England, the sooner the better, as it is impossible to foresee what may be the end of these convulsions. I am pleased to say that, except for the anxiety which Mrs. Philips endures, we are all well. I have no doubt you will act for the best in the present crisis. Personal safety and ease of mind to parents must be paramount to every consideration. I have been so much mistaken with respect to the renewal of hostilities that my opinion is of no use, and I can only say, once for all, act to the best of your judgment, according to circumstances, but omit no

opportunity of coming home when it presents itself. I am persuaded that Burton and his brother will act *like men* in whatever situation they may be placed. I have only to entreat that they will not fail to give every possible consolation to their mother, who only errs by being too fond and amiable a parent. We wait anxiously to hear from you.—Yours, etc.,

JOHN PHILIPS.

From Dr. Roget's notes I find that his first impulse, on hearing the rumour that the decree against English travellers was on its way to Geneva, was to retire with his pupils into Switzerland. But on attempting to make arrangements for this, he discovered that the most active measures had been taken to prevent their escape. Not only was every possible avenue into Switzerland guarded by gendarmes, but the order of arrest was found to extend to that country as well as to Geneva. It was ascertained that in case of any endeaver to evade the decree, Commandant Dupuch had authority to send them to the Castle of Montmelian, in Savoy. The only course was to submit, and Dr. Roget was detained a prisoner on parole.

My uncles could have passed the frontier under this decree, being under age, but the idea of such a separation was not at first entertained.

From Dr. Roget to John Philips.

Geneva, May 30, 1803.

Dear Sir,—

You will have heard of the order by which all Englishmen, above 18 years of age, are detained prisoners of war. I am detained in consequence of this order, and have been obliged to give my parole not to leave the territory of the French Republic. I have drawn up a petition, which the Prefect will forward to Paris, and which I am assured will be complied with, for liberty to leave France. Your two sons, being under eighteen, are at perfect liberty. It is fortunate that Geneva is the place of our detention. We shall certainly be better off here than in any other part of France. We are also fortunate in being acquainted with the Commandant de la Place, who is charged with the execution of these orders and will contribute all in his power to make us easy. I think, however, our best plan will be to leave Geneva as soon as my permission arrives. We might meet with some difficulty in passing through Hanover on our way to Hamburg, and I believe the

safest way will be to pass through Berlin. The difference in distance is not considerable and I believe the road is better and pleasanter. Our credit is not sufficient to carry us though the whole of the journey. If it could be extended further, and if we could obtain letters of introduction for any of the places on our route, I should find them of great use. I have only time before the post goes to assure you that we are all three perfectly well.—I am, etc.,

PETER ROGET.

June 12, 1803.

DEAR FATHER,—

Your letter to Dr. Roget of May 24 is received. It has only just come and we think must have been detained on the road. You ought to have received the duplicates, from which you would learn the decree of the French Government. Nathaniel and I, having declared ourselves 16 and 17, have received our passports, so that we may go or remain here as we like. Dr. Roget, being above the age, is detained and has given his parole that he will not walk out of the French territory. You will think us rather stupid in not quitting this town when we knew war would be the issue of the dispute. In such an event we supposed an order would be given to quit in 24 hours. This is the general decree on such occasions, but who can foresee things even for a

day? Should the petition, which Dr. Roget, like the rest of our countrymen, has sent, be favourably answered, we may then return to England. We congratulate ourselves that we are at Geneva, the most civilised part of France, instead of at Paris, Lyons, Bordeaux, etc., where many English are at this moment. You mention a French Minister at Geneva. There is none as this town has been subject to France since 1795. I suppose we shall travel through Germany, and we must try to learn a smattering of that language at Geneva. We shall not fail to obtain a German servant in case our route is through that country. I am sorry my mother is uneasy. There is certainly, at present, no real cause for anxiety. You will hear from us constantly, but circumspection in our intercourse is necessary as regards political affairs. There is, however, little else to say after being here a year. You must perceive that this is an apology for a letter. The others detained are Lord Beverley, Sir Algernon Percy, Mr. Finley and family, Mr. Ansley, Messrs. Maude, Dendy, Edgeworth and Egan. [The last is tutor to Lord Mountcashell's children]. Sir W. Cole, Sir George Prestcott, Dr. Robertson and Lord J. Campbell escaped on horseback, very foolishly, leaving their wives and baggage behind them. Do you know any of these persons? With love to all at home, I remain, etc., J. Burton Philips.

Geneva, July 13, 1803.

My Dear Father,—

After a long lapse of time Dr. Roget has received your letter of the 26th. We are glad to hear that your minds are relieved from the anxiety you have felt about us. Dr. Roget has written to the Minister of War in Paris, and it is probable he may be granted a Passport, or cease to be a Prisoner on parole. In that case we should quit Geneva as you request. If Dr. Roget fails to get a Passport he will try to get some person to accompany us to England. Should any difficulty arise Burton and I would leave France and cross the border into Switzerland, which we can do in an hour's time. The frontier is only 6 miles distant. We should go to Morgues on the Lake side, where a friend of Mr. Chauvets, with whom Dr. Roget is intimate, has offered to take us into his family. Tell my mother she may be perfectly at ease about us, for we should certainly be safe there. Dr. Roget is much obliged to you for writing to Mr. Romilly about his situation here. No doubt his mother and uncle feel for him as you do for us. I am glad to hear my *uncle and aunt have been with

* These were his great uncle and aunt from Heath House. No doubt the visit was an unusual occurrence, whether a pleasure to the host and hostess may perhaps be doubted. Mrs. Catherine Philips, who survived to the age of 96, was not a favourite.

you in Lancashire. It must have afforded you, and particularly my grandfather, much pleasure. Remember me to all at The Dales. I am, etc.,

NATHANIEL PHILIPS.

To Dr. ROGET from JOHN PHILIPS.

Manchester, July 26, 1803.

MY DEAR SIR,—

I wrote you June 4th, 26th, 28th and July 16th, and have acknowledged the receipt of your letter of June 2nd, informing me of your captivity, etc. I was sending duplicate of my last letter dated 16th instant, when I received, under cover from Boddington and Co., yours of the 3rd of July, and Burton's and Mr. Heutsch's of the same date. The contents of these later letters afford us satisfaction, considering the situation in which you are placed. They prove to me the difficulty of giving absolute directions. I am happy to find, however, that your views pretty nearly agree with mine, and that you have determined to quit Geneva directly you get your passport. In my former letter I mentioned my wish that, in case you failed to get a passport, B. and N. should set out for England with the first proper person that could accompany them to the North of Germany, but perhaps some merchant may be coming from Geneva to England, when it

is recommended they should sail in the packet which carries the English mails, as being the safest and quickest conveyance. I also said that, if no opportunity of this kind presented itself, I hoped you would be able to procure some trustworthy person at Geneva to see them safe at the place from whence they could sail. It is with the greatest reluctance that I have mentioned the possibility of this separation, as it must be so hostile to the feelings of all parties, but our fears for what may happen will, I hope justify us in your eyes. The decree which has been passed against the English at Geneva was unexpected and novel. Why may not a second be issued that may be attended with more serious consequences? It would be easy to enlarge on this subject, but I have said enough. You are in possession of my ideas, and will be governed by circumstances. I don't wish my sons to leave Geneva until you have taken ample time to be satisfied that it is impossible for you to procure for yourself a passport. But I cannot help flattering myself that your petition will be favourably received, particularly as your uncle, Mr. Romilly, tells me he has likewise applied at Paris in your behalf, and in a way that he hopes will be successful.* The

* Mr. Romilley had applied direct to Talleyrand, who, when a refugee in London, during "the Terror" had received favours from him.

very friendly way in which you are treated by the "Commandant de la Place" must be greatly in your favour. Please convey to him my best thanks for the kindness and attention he has shown you. The obligations we are all under to Mr. Heutsch are greater than we shall have it in our power to repay. The letter he has addressed to me has relieved our anxiety and given us much comfort. It is particularly gratifying to parents, when removed at a distance from their children, to learn that they have conducted themselves in such a manner as to engage the attentions and even friendship of such a man as Mr. Heutsch. In enclosing this letter to him I have expressed our thanks for his generous conduct to you and my sons. In a former letter I spoke of September as a pleasant month for travelling, and I hope by that time you will be all three on your way back to England. My father is very anxious for Burton and Nathaniel to be engaged in business for various reasons. He is making a good recovery from the effects of his cold. He desires me to remember him kindly to you and to his dear lads. The rest of our family circle are well. We ought to be thankful that there is every prospect at present that we shall all meet together in pleasant circumstances, and be able to talk over scenes that are past. We are both thoroughly convinced of your care and affection for our boys,

and I hope and believe that a proper sense of the advantages they have received from your instructions and of all they owe you in other ways will remain impressed upon their minds.—Believe me, dear sir, your friend and obedient servant,

JOHN PHILIPS.

I think it best to interrupt the course of the letters at this point, and to transcribe Dr. Roget's record of the measures which he took, first to obtain an order for a passport from Paris, and when this failed to arrange for his own escape, after placing his pupils in safety. He says:

The published order of arrest [already referred to] was so worded as to include only military men and professed a readiness to listen to all "reclamations." But I found it useless to urge my claim to exemption as a doctor of medicine, who had never been enrolled in the militia, or as a tutor in charge of pupils under the prescribed age. To two such formal claims no answer was returned. A third, more forcible in terms and strengthened by the signatures of several influential persons, was answered by a decided negative. This state of things lasted for about six weeks, and, in the meantime, rumours having

reached Geneva of the contemplated deportation of the English prisoners to Verdun I conceived and arranged a plan of escape. My project was to send the Philipses to Constance; then to revoke my parole to the commandant and declare myself entitled to the rights of a citizen of France, as being the son of a native of Geneva; and, upon this, without giving time to the authorities to deliberate on my claim, to leave the town in disguise, and proceed across Switzerland by a route not likely to be suspected. This plan was prepared in all its details, and just ready for execution by July 16th. On that day, however, I received an intimation that the dreaded order was actually issued, that in about a week all the English were to be sent to Verdun, and that those in Switzerland were already arrested. This news was imparted to me by the celebrated Madame de Stael,* who was then at Coppet, near Geneva. In the presence of the Pesquiers, who did not under-

* Madame de Stael had been a refugee in England during the worst days of the "Terror." When order was restored in Paris she returned. Her salon was the centre of a circle of literary men and politicians, and became the focus of the discontented ability of the capital. Napoleon disliked her influence, and when he became First Consul he ordered her to quit Paris. It must have been under this order that she was staying with her father at Coppet, near Geneva, in 1803. Through her influential connections in Paris she continued to receive early intelligence of Napoleon's movements and measures.

stand English, she addressed to me a few words to the above effect in that language, and enjoined secrecy; at the same time adroitly excusing herself for using an unknown tongue, on the ground that she could not resist the opportunity of improving herself in speaking English. This decided me to send off the Philipses without delay. They were despatched at once to Lausanne and shortly afterwards sent on to Neufchatel [then a principality attached to the Crown of Prussia] to be more out of the way of Commandant Dupuch, who now endeavoured by threats to induce me to recall them to Geneva. The orders to prepare for Verdun was soon promulgated, and I thereupon claimed my rights as a French citizen and presented a petition to that effect to the Prefect. Before this could be answered the Commandant suddenly informed me that, unless I could produce before seven the next morning a variety of documentary evidence of my citizenship, including a certificate of my father's baptism, and an act attesting my own identity, to be signed by no less than eight witnesses, I must go with the rest to Verdun. It seemed impossible to obtain these documents, but by dint of great pertinacity and in spite of many obstacles the feat was accomplished. Two days later the rest of the English, including poor Edgworth, set out for Verdun, where they remained till 1814. I now

applied for and obtained from the Mayor a passport for Paris. The ready grant of this I have reason to believe was the result of a letter written by my Uncle Romilly (afterwards Sir Samuel Romilly) directly to Talleyrand. Armed with my passport I left Geneva on July 26th, and succeeded in rejoining my pupils at Neufchatel. Thence, by carefully avoiding the towns, under the guidance of a Genevese servant, who was well acquainted with the by roads, we succeeded, after some narrow escapes, in crossing the Rhine at Zursach, and placing ourselves in a friendly territory.

The following seems to be the rough draft of the letter written by Dr. Roget from Stuttgart, and apparently dated August 4th. The original has not been preserved, but my grandfather in writing on August 27th, when he had at last got the news of the escape from Geneva, speaks of having received Dr. Roget's letter of August 4th. He must have written in some excitement.

Thank Heaven! we are now *all three* in perfect safety. We have saved ourselves from the clutches of a set of tigers in human shape. I cannot find words sufficiently expressive of the horror and indignation I feel at the perfidious conduct of the

Government from whose tyranny we have escaped. It is impossible for me to give a connected description of the series of vexations, difficulties and dangers with which I have had to struggle for the last two months. . . . The cares and deep anxieties we have suffered, and which you no doubt have shared, are happily at an end. Their remembrance will now only tend to heighten the pleasure we feel at our deliverance from them. . . . Had they continued longer I should have fallen into severe illness. . . . I had long been meditating and maturing a project of escape, without breaking my parole. Events hastened the execution of it before it was properly arranged. I was obliged to change my plans two or three times. I had prepared a complete disguise for escaping through Switzerland, after my pupils should have been placed in safety. The villainy of the Commandant at Geneva soon showed itself, and justified my suspicions. Notwithstanding that my pupils were under age and had obtained regular passports, he had sent express orders to stop them at the frontiers. They passed almost by a miracle, having, by accident, two little slips of cards with the signature of the Commandant upon them. I had sent them first to Lausanne. But the Commandant, enraged at their escape, muttered threats against me if I did not bring them back to Geneva. Of course I sent them further on to Neufchatel, where, for a

time, they would be completely out of his reach. I had reclaimed my rights as a citizen of Geneva. Though incontestable, he would not admit them, and ordered me to remain in the town. I must pass over the particulars of my escape. I flew like lightning to Neufchatel to rejoin my pupils, and arrived in safety. Greater difficulties yet awaited us. The town was full of English, who had flocked over the Swiss border into the Principality to avoid arrest by the French troops (of which the Swiss had privately given them notice). Two or three were attempting to escape in disguises as peasants; the rest were waiting without knowing what to do. By the help of a servant I took from Geneva, who understood perfectly the bye-roads, we chalked out a plan of escape through Switzerland without passing through any town. We dressed ourselves as shabbily as we could, carefully avoided speaking a word of English, and stopped only at obscure villages. In this manner we travelled for three days. The second day we were obliged to pass the gates of Soleure. This we contrived to do very early, and stole by unmolested. The fourth was the most critical part of our route. Our object was to pass unobserved through Brug, a small town where a French garrison had been placed. It was necessary to pass through this town, or through Baden, where Lord J. Campbell (quite a young man) and his tutor, Dr. Ritchie, had

been arrested. (The former afterwards escaped in women's clothes.) We preferred Brug as being a smaller place. We rose at 3 a.m., crossed the river in a boat prepared for us overnight, having walked with a guide and our faithful servant six or eight miles. There was no other way but to pass through a corner of the town. We did so without being noticed by a sentinel whose back was towards us. I do not know whether he would have spoken to us; but the carriage which followed half an hour later was stopped by him. The coachman had the address to prevail upon him to let him pass with the bribe of a bottle of wine. He overtook us at a little distance, and we hastened to cross the Rhine before the Commandant of Brug could have time to send after us. It is impossible to describe the rapture we felt in treading on friendly ground. It was like awaking from a horrid nightmare. We could scarcely yet believe our good fortune, and hastened away from the border of that inhospitable land where we had met with such persecution. We are now arrived at Stuttgart, where we shall stay for a few days to refit and rest ourselves after all our fatigues. I have been greatly exhausted by all that I have had to go through. The heat still continues so excessive that travelling is exceedingly unpleasant and scarcely bearable in the middle of the day. The feeling of our newly regained liberty will, I am sure, soon

restore me to my wonted strength. I repeat to myself frequently: "I am free. I am on my way towards England. I am once more a man." We have recommendations here to Count Jennison, who has shown us the greatest attention. We shall make the best of our way to Berlin on the way to old England. . . . I suppose you would not have any objection to our staying there for a short time, in order to see the great Review of the Prussian Army in September. Indeed the month of September is one of the worst for crossing the sea, and our passage requires more consideration than that from Calais to Dover. I don't know at present where it would be best to embark. Indeed events succeed with such rapidity that it is impossible to lay down any plan from which one can be certain of not having to deviate.

Stuttgart, August 6, 1803.

My Dear Mother,—

It is with concern we hear you have been so anxious on our account, but I hope all fears will, from the moment you receive this be dissipated. There never was any real difficulty respecting my brother and myself, though I cannot say the same for Dr. Roget. You will have heard that the English captives in France have been sent from one town to another, or rather from prison to prison. Geneva

has, in its turn, been subject to the same arbitrary measure. Orders were given lately to send all the English to Verdun. This has been executed with the utmost rigour. Amongst the number are Edgeworth and Maude, whom my father knows. Dr. Roget had timely information of the decree* from a certain lady before the authorities had notice of it. We, with our luggage, got off to Lausanne, and the Doctor found himself under the necessity of declaring himself a citizen of Geneva, which could be proved by papers preserved in his family. The question will naturally arise, why did he not declare himself sooner? The reason was that he was liable, as a Genevese, to be required to serve under the law of conscription which has been enforced in most of the departments since the declaration of war. The Commandant threw off the mask and soon showed himself to be "a chip of the old block." He thought at any rate to entrap Dr. Roget for a conscript, if he was not able to send him to Verdun. However, he missed his aim. Dr. Roget got his passport from the principal man in the town (the Mayor), but only to travel in the territory of the Republic. This pass procured him a way through the great frontier, Versoux, and he travelled unmolested to Neufchatel, where we had preceded him. We left Lausanne

* Madame de Stael, whose name was not to be mentioned in letters for fear of their getting into French hands.

because it was reported there that an order was out to arrest the English. It is doubtful whether this was in reality the case. It is said that the Swiss, apprehensive of such an order, made the report to give the alarm to the English. This had the desired effect for they all fled to Neufchatel—which is a Principality of the King of Prussia. Others affirm that an order of arrest was given which the Swiss refused to obey, and that General Ney said if they did not do it willingly, he would compel them. It seems the French have placed garrisons in all the frontier towns of Switzerland, and by avoiding these and sleeping in the villages we escaped. There was one town which seemed to bid defiance to us. It was Brug, a frontier town possessed by a strong French garrison. We crossed the river Aar in a common boat a little below the town—having sent on the coachman, who had travelled these roads for twenty years. He was stopped by a sentinel, who asked him to whom the carriage belonged. He answered: "To some gentlemen of Neufchatel who crossed the river some days ago, and are waiting for me in Germany." "Very well," says the sentinel, "you must stop till the Commandant is up" (for it was 5-30 a.m.). So the coachman gets down and goes to the innkeeper, who, knowing all, says to the sentinel: "Let the carriage pass; I know the persons, and am answerable for them and their carriage. You come and drink

a bottle at my house when you come off duty." Thus did this fellow for a bottle of wine betray his trust, and so our carriage got through happily. It might have been confiscated had they known it belonged to Englishmen. Indeed we ourselves passed through a corner of the town, which we did not expect to do, and we saw this same sentinel with his back turned towards us. It is probable that had he seen us, he would not have said anything to us, as we were dressed very shabbily, with pipes in our mouths, and long sticks. When the carriage overtook us we recrossed the Aar, and in half an hour found ourselves on the banks of the Rhine, the great boundary between Switzerland and the German Empire. We traversed the river with carriage and horses in a very commodious ferry boat, and then felt ourselves out of danger in the territory of the Emperor. Here we are at Stuttgart, a superb town indeed. To-morrow we go to Frankfurt, a day's journey, and thence on to Berlin. There we have an Ambassador, and letters of introduction, and shall be able to judge of the quickest way of getting to England. I make no doubt we shall all meet together the latter end of October. The voyage will take longer than that from Calais to Dover, but I rather like the sea. I suppose the French would as soon think of flying as of daring into the North Sea, now that we have three fleets in that quarter. You must not be uneasy

if you do not hear from us often. The postal conveyance in this country is, at present very precarious—In hopes of hearing from you at Berlin, I am, dear mother, your affectionate son,

J. Burton Philips.

Frankfort-on-the-Main, Aug. 17, 1803.

My Dear Mother,—

We arrived here in good health after a journey of about four days from Stuttgart. We came through Heilbron and Heidelberg. This last place is prettily situated on the river Neckur. There are the ruins of a most magnificent castle situated on an eminence in the middle of a wood, from where there is a fine view of the town and its environs. We stayed only one night, and next morning set out for Mannheim. This is a large town near the Rhine. The houses are well built and the streets wide. We visited the church which has fine paintings and is decorated with marble in the most splendid manner. We also saw the gardens of the Prince of Baden, which almost equal those at Versailles. We got here the following day. Frankfort is a gay commercial town, but there is not much to see, so we can go on with our studies, as we shall remain here till we hear from our Ambassador at Berlin the shortest and surest way to return to England. We expect his answer ere

long. I am glad to stay here because Dr. Roget was unwell at Stuttgart, having been so harrassed at Geneva about getting his passport. The weather is extremely hot. You have no idea what heat we have endured since we left Geneva. If we travelled now we might catch a fever. We have no introductions here, but our banker does all in his power to oblige us. The family we lived with at Geneva were sorry to part with us, but wished us safe out of French territory. It is an affecting thing for us to hear of our most intimate friends being sent to Verdun. Just think of young people, who had come out for their education, being treated in such an abominable manner! We may safely say that we are the happiest and most fortunate of all the English who were resident at Geneva—not only that Burton and I were able to quit it, but that Dr. Roget, by his exertions, succeeded in rejoining us.—I am, dear mother, your ever affectionate son,

NATHANIEL PHILIPS.

The next letter from my grandfather, dated a day later than the foregoing, shows very forcibly what we have gained in the way of relief from anxiety from the use of the telegraph. It was not until August 27th, 3 weeks after the arrival

of the party at Stuttgart, that my grandfather knew with certainty that the fugitives were all three in safety.

Manchester, Aug. 18, 1803.

Dear Burton and Nathaniel,—

I wrote Dr. Roget and Mr. Heutsch on the 26th of last month, with duplicates, in answer to their letters of the 2nd and 3rd of July. I am very anxious to hear that my letters have reached them. I have got Nathaniel's of July 13th, in which he tells me that Dr. Roget had written me a few days ago by a private hand. This I have not received. I am sorry to observe that Dr. Roget has not got his passport. Surely his application through Mr. Pictet will be successful. Although a separation will be distressing to us all, it is now understood that if Dr. Roget cannot procure his liberty he will provide a proper person to accompany you to England. I mentioned in a former letter that I hope Dr. Roget would be able to meet with such a person who would accompany you to a place from which our packet sailed (at present that is Sonningen in Denmark), but it would be better if he would come on with you to England. I hope and trust there is little danger of our packet being captured, but you should be

provided against such an event by taking care to have proper passports, and obtaining necessary letters for Paris or some other town in France. It affords me satisfaction to learn that you have been provided with an asylum at Morges, in case any unexpected event should take place (for you must not expect much notice). Could not Dr. Roget get permission to accompany you there at present? I still flatter myself that he will eventually succeed in getting his passport through some one of the various channels through which he has applied, with the help of his uncle, Mr. Romilly, Mr. Pictet and others. You are all very good in writing to us so frequently, but we must not expect to receive all the letters. I am glad to tell you we are all very well at The Dales, Stand Lane and The Park. At the latter place they propose going into the new house next month, when your Aunt expects to be confined. Your sisters returned to Red Vales (Ladies' School) yesterday, and Samuel accompanies Thomas Robinson (first cousin) to York the last week in this month. This academy, about to be removed from Manchester, will be established there under the direction of Mr. Wellbeloved. I hear an excellent character of this gentleman's abilities, and York is a good place for masters of every description. Mr. Broadbent's school had got to consist of boys so very young that it was high time to remove Samuel.

All your friends and acquaintances enquire very eagerly about you, and are anxious for your return to old England. James Touchet is coming to spend a few days at The Dales. He is looking uncommonly well and his health seems perfectly established. Samuel has lately accompanied me into Staffordshire. His headquarters were at Heath House, where he had some good diversion in fishing, with which he was much delighted. We happened to be in Staffordshire at the time of * Hill's birthday, when he came of age. He presided at the top of his own table, and I never saw a young man acquit himself better. His time at Cambridge has much improved him, particularly in his manners and appearance. The weather is remarkably hot and sultry, and we are in the midst of harvest. Providence has blessed us with plenty. God grant that peace may soon return to enable us to enjoy it. Remember me kindly to Dr. Roget. You are never long from our thoughts. That we may all soon meet together is the constant wish of, my dear boys, your affectionate father,

JOHN PHILIPS.

* This was Richard Hill, of Stallington Hall, my grandfather's second cousin. He went to Queen's College, Cambridge, but did not take a degree. His great grandson, Sir Hill Child, now represents him at Stallington.

From John Philips to Dr. Roget.

Manchester, Aug. 27, 1803.

My Dear Sir,—

I had received information a week ago from Mr. Brandt that you and my sons were at Neufchatel the 28th of July, and had taken up money from his friend. This was good news indeed, and now your letter of August 4th and Burton's of the 6th came to hand yesterday, dated Stuttgart. Good God, what an escape! Although you are at present in perfect safety yet the perusal of your letter was almost too much for poor Mrs. Philips. I now wait impatiently for Nathaniel's letter from Frankfort that we may hear about your health, the injury to which causes us great anxiety. I must pass over at present what you have told us of the behaviour you experienced in a certain quarter at Geneva, and all the difficulties you have had in getting safe into the Emperor's dominions. These will furnish talk for our fireside when we meet in October. I have written to Mr. Sharp by this post to desire he will consult with Mr. Romilly about the way in which you should embark for England. I wish you to be guided by his advice. At present the packet which sails from Sonningen seems most eligible. I should wish you to stay in Berlin as long as you can amuse yourselves

there, but you know the frost sets in early in the North Seas, and we all alike wish to meet as soon as possible. . . . I have procured you a letter from Mr. Ewart for Mr. Jackson [English Minister at Berlin]. I mentioned to Ewart that you saw Jackson at Paris. Mr. Sharp will send you other letters for Berlin. Though you do not mention money matters, I have asked Mr. Sharp to lodge you a fresh credit in case of need. If it could be contrived I should wish that Mrs. Philips might not know when you are likely to be at sea. . . . We shall be greatly gratified if you can make it convenient to accompany Burton and Nat to Manchester, when we can express our thanks in person. But I by no means urge it until you have seen your mother and sister. . . . I forbear saying anything of the war. The accounts we receive from your part of the world are so contradictory that we cannot judge how the Northern Powers will act. You will now have the opportunity of seeing English papers. I am called away. Adieu! May that Providence which has hitherto attended you conduct you safely to your native country!—Yours truly,

JOHN PHILIPS.

From Dr. Roget to Mr. John Philips.

Frankfort, Sept. 6, 1803.

Dear Sir,—

You will no doubt be surprised to see this letter, dated still from Frankfort, and still more so when I acknowledge it is with the greatest reluctance that I write to inform you of the cause of our detention here. I wished not to have done so till it was completely removed, but I imagined you might be more alarmed at my silence than by what I have to tell you. I have the satisfaction of being able to write with more confidence than I could have done a few days ago. It is now a fortnight since Burton fell ill of a fever, which increased so rapidly as to give me great alarm on the third day of the attack. I called in Dr. Söemmering, a physician of great eminence in this town. He has paid the case the greatest attention. Burton was exceedingly ill for eight or ten days, the fever being remittent and attacking the head. It has now subsided, but has left him in a state of the greatest debility, from which, however, he is sensibly, though slowly, recovering. The danger from the fever is past, and I hope he will, in no long time, gain strength sufficient to enable us to proceed on our journey. But his head continues exceedingly weak, and I fear its functions will be the last that will be re-established

in their former vigour. Burton had been growing very fast lately. His constitution may have been weakened by this cause. Yet he has enjoyed uninterrupted good health ever since he was on the Continent. His brother has not grown much, but is much stronger than when he left England. You may depend on my writing frequently.—With much esteem, etc.,

P. Roget.

There can, I think, be no doubt that my uncle Burton inherited his share of his mothers' anxious temperament. The fugitive's sense of being hunted, combined with the fatigue caused by travelling, frequently on foot, in excessively hot weather, had told more on him than on his fellow travellers. It is far from surprising that this attack of brain fever should have resulted. Its severity may be guessed from the length of the detention at Frankfort, from August 12th to October 6th.

From Jno. Philips to Dr. Roget.

Manchester, Sept. 10, 1803.

Dear Sir,—

I wrote you the 27th and 30th of August to the address of Messrs. Furer Schikler and Co., bankers, Berlin, to which please refer. I have since received your letter of August 16th from Frankfort. I find Boddington and Co. have lodged you a credit for £500 with Brentano. I have also written you to Berlin to be by all means as expeditious as you can in getting home. I don't blame your great caution in regard to the route you should pursue for England, but I fear you have paid too much attention to the flying reports, which are evidently circulated by the French to embarrass the English. We have not the slightest idea here of any risk to Englishmen in passing through either Prussia or Denmark. I have called on Brandt and several of the houses which deal with Frankfort, and they tell me there is no interruption of communication with Manchester, and that several people are passing at the present between the two places. Before this reaches you, you will no doubt be confirmed in the same opinion. I have asked Mr. Sharp to write you from London to Liepzig and Frankfort, and give you his best advice as to your route. If it should happen that you are

detained any time at Frankfort I should wish my sons to pursue their different studies with you rather than take up the German language. Everything, however, appears favourable at present for your departure from the continent. . . . I expect you will have given up your plan of passing through Berlin now you have been so long detained at Frankfort, as the season is fast advancing when the rivers may be closed with ice. We are glad to hear my sons are well. I fear your own health is not thoroughly recovered from the fatigues you have undergone. All are well here. I hope your next letter will inform us that you are on your way to England. May you have a safe and pleasant passage!—I remain, Dear Sir, your friend, etc.,

JOHN PHILIPS.

I judge, from the terms of the foregoing letter, that my grandfather had begun to feel a little out of patience with what he conceived to be indecision and waste of time on the part of Dr. Roget in pursuing the journey homewards. He was himself very prompt in action when his mind was made up, and in spite of his polite way of expressing his views, he was getting

rather irritated. The next and last letter from him shows that he had not realised the possibility of the delay at Frankfort having been occasioned by illness.

From John Philips to Dr. Roget.

Manchester, Sept. 28, 1803.

My Dear Sir,—

I wrote to you on the 10th inst. to Frankfort and Leipzig. . . . I began to think it was a long time since we heard from you, when yours of the 6th inst. came to hand this day. The contents are very unexpected and most distressing, and I can scarcely compose myself to put pen to paper, though I am unwilling to lose a post to thank you for your kind attention to my dear Burton. I hope and trust that, by the time you get this, he will be considerably recovered; though I dare not flatter myself too much as I am persuaded you would give me as favourable an account as possible consistent with truth. I have full confidence that you have done everything in your power for him, and whatever may be the result I hope you and Nathaniel will be supported under the fatigue of mind and body you must undergo. This seizure of Burton's happens most unfortunately at a time when I fear you are far from well yourself.

I dare not show Mrs. Philips your letter at present, but shall wait for your next, which God grant may be more favourable. I am satisfied that you will proceed with your journey directly Burton can bear to be removed. We do not hear of any impediments to prevent your sailing in the English packet, but you will have seen numbers of Englishmen at the Fair, if you have been detained at Frankfort so long. There is a young Mr. Peele there, brother to the Misses Peele, whom Burton and Nathaniel saw at Blackpool. I will hope for the best, and shall expect to hear from you as frequently as possible, according to your promise. You experience nothing but difficulties and disappointments. Surely this is the last you are to suffer. It is in vain for me to dwell on the nature of Burton's complaint. The physician you have called in seems to be a person of eminence, and I should hope as Burton acquires strength his head will be relieved. You give a very pleasing account of Nathaniel's health. We all continue well here. My father writes in excellent spirits from Staffordshire. We expect him home to-morrow. The weather has been cool for the last month, but we are greatly in want of rain.—Remember me affectionately to my sons, and believe me, etc.,

JOHN PHILIPS.

Frankfort, Oct. 6, 1803.

My Dear Mother,—

It is with the greatest eagerness that I am writing to give you the glad tidings that Burton is recovering fast from his long illness. You may be surprised to hear that, after sitting up for three hours one day, he was on the next able to ride out in a carriage, and has continued to drive out daily. I need not tell you how dull and low-spirited Dr. Roget and I have been on Burton's account; but, thank God, he is now much better, and there is every prospect of his going on well. He has gained ground so rapidly these last few days that we think he is able to travel, and have accordingly fixed to set out this afternoon. Both the doctors agree that travelling will now be of the greatest benefit to him, as a change of scene is needed to restore him. We shall make very short days, and then I hope all will go well. The weather is now very pleasant, neither hot nor cold. We shall go on to Leipzig, and thence to Berlin. I shall write from both places. It is impossible to express the pleasure with which I think of meeting you all again.—I remain, with dear love to my father, sisters, brothers and grandfather, your sincerely affectionate son,

Nathaniel Philips.

I here quote a passage from some notes of Dr. Roget's verbal reminiscences.

At the end of their long detention at Frankfort it seemed prudent for the fugitives to remove further eastward, as the French were advancing in that direction. Although the fever had left him, Burton Philips was still suffering from its effect upon the brain. His recovery took place in a striking manner whilst they were again "en voyage." It happened that Dr. Roget and Nathaniel Philips had been travelling in one carriage, and Burton, with a faithful servant, in another behind them. On stopping to change horses Burton came up to Dr. Roget, and warmly shook hands with him, believing he had not seen him for a long time. His reason had suddenly returned.

Leipzig, Oct. 4, 1803.

My Dear Father,—

I wrote to my mother the moment before our departure from Frankfort. I am glad to say that Burton has been gaining strength, and is better in every way. He, however, felt the fatigue of the last two days before our arrival here. The weather and the roads were most disagreeable. All things

seemed to have concurred to make the journey as unpleasant as possible. We have only had one fair day, and it has been excessively cold. It absolutely snowed so one day as to prevent our prooceeding. We have had hail besides. We have to submit to many inconveniences when we alight at an inn during a change of horses. You are shown into a cold room. The stove is never lighted unless you order it, and, as the Germans are slow and lazy, it is half-an-hour before one can get warmth, and another half-hour passes before breakfast is served. After that you must wait for the horses to be brought from the fields. You are obliged to bargain with the innkeepers for every individual thing you have, as they are, most of them, an abominable set of rascals, and impose exceedingly on travellers. The roads have been very bad, and the posts very ill contrived. However, we have got here safely, and Burton has borne the journey very well. We have stayed here two days merely to refit ourselves. To morrow we start for Berlin, where we shall arrive in three or four days. If Burton is well enough to continue the journey we shall set out from Berlin in a few days after our arrival there. We must, however, not hurry too much. I have no doubt we shall soon once more meet together at home. What an untoward event this illness has been, detaining us so long! I cannot enough praise the zeal and

assiduity of Dr. Roget through all this trial of affliction, and we ought to be thankful that Burton is getting better. Everyday now makes us long more and more to be re-united to you all.—Your ever truly affectionate son,

NATHANIEL PHILIPS.

Berlin, Oct. 24, 1803.

MY DEAR FATHER,—

Dr. Roget wrote you on our arrival here on October 18. Burton has gained ground rapidly both in body and mind, but, after so violent an illness, he is (as we might expect) far from being as he was before this attack. Many thanks for the letter you have procured for us to our Minister here. Dr. Roget had also a letter to him on the part of Lord Hawkesbury. These letters have been of great service. Mr. Jackson (the British Minister) has paid us great attention and done all in his power to make our stay agreeable. By his advice we shall go from here to Husum in Schleswig Holstein. This is preferred to Gothenburg. We shall set out to-morrow, and, you may depend upon it, shall make the best of our way to England, as we are anxious to see our native land once more. The weather is fine at present and promises well for our journey. We are told that the roads are infamous and that we shall only be able to go at the rate of three miles an hour! We

have to pass through sands. It will take us a week at least to reach the place of our embarkation. If all goes well you should see us in about three weeks. We have just got your letter of September 28th addressed to Frankfort. My fervent desire is that Burton may be well on the sea. Dr. Roget thinks it will do him much good. God grant us a safe short passage and that we may find you all well at The Dales! This my only wish.—Your ever truly affectionate son,

NATHANIEL PHILIPS.

Before giving the final letter, I once more make use of the notes taken down from the lips of Dr. Roget, describing the last experiences at sea of the homeward bound travellers.

Continuing their journey by Leipzig, Berlin and Lübeck, they at last arrived in sight of the sea (with a feeling akin to that of Xenophon and his soldiers) at the port of Husum, in Denmark, on the 31st of October. Here they were detained for three weeks by contrary winds, which prevented the mail boat from coming to take them home. When it arrived they had to wait for the change of wind back again before they could set sail. At length they embarked for England in the "Diana" packet (Capt. Stewart).

But the dangers of the sea had yet to come. For six or eight days they were tossed on the North Sea. When at length the little vessel was making good way for Harwich, a suspicious-looking sail made its appearance in the offing. Growing larger, it took the shape of a frigate, which showed no colours, but brought the "Diana" to by firing a gun. The passengers on board the packet watched, with no small anxiety, the lowering of a boat for the purpose of boarding her, and it may be believed that to none than to our three fugitives was the sound more welcome of the voice of the Lieutenant in command of the boarding party; for, as he approached near enough for them to hear him, he shouted to his crew with a round and unmistakably British oath. The frigate was H.M.S. "Unicorn" (Captain Hardiman). Friendly greetings followed and an invitation to dinner, which was virtuously declined by Captain Stewart on the ground that he had five mails on board. These, together with our three travellers, were safely delivered at Harwich on the following day, November 22nd. They there lodged at an inn whose landlord bore the singularly appropriate name of Mr. John Bull.

Harwich,
5 o'clock, Thursday evening
Nov. 22, 1803.

My Dear Father,—

Mr. Pilling (I think of King Street) will hand you this letter. Here we are at last, after a tedious and rather dangerous passage of seven days from Husum to Harwich. I am sadly afraid my mother has been uneasy on our account. The fact is, we should have been here three weeks ago, but the strong westerly winds prevailing have detained us in the Danish port. I had no opportunity of writing. Dr. Roget is anxious to see his friends in London for two or three days. He will then be able to know what time he can bestow on us in the way you and we desire. You may easily conceive that we ardently wish to be once more with you, with as little delay as possible, but the distance by London is only seventy-two miles, and we could not expect Dr. Roget to spend some weeks with us, unless he had previously seen his Uncle, and learnt some tidings of his mother and sister. Nathaniel, in a great hurry, forwarded you a letter by the post which set out ten minutes after our arrival. By it you would learn that we had brought over a Swiss servant boy. He speaks French and German well. He has

been of inestimable service to us on the journey from Geneva, and is very active. But of this, and other things, you shall know ere long. I ought to apologise for this scrawl, but the room where I am contains a dozen persons, and everything seems to be in motion. This is the effect after just quitting the packet. My best love to my mother and all at home.—I am, Dear Father, yours affectionately,

J. Burton Philips.

Notice.—In the Appendix will be found a detailed narrative, by Dr. Roget, of the events of the last 6 weeks at Geneva ; giving a living picture, not only of his own proceedings, but of the dismay and panic amongst the English there, who suddenly found themselves confronted by the same danger.

Appendix

APPENDIX

Lovell Edgeworth, eldest son of Richard Lovell Edgeworth, and brother of Maria Edgeworth, born 1776, died, unmarried, 1841.

By the kind permission of Mr. J. L. Roget, I am able to print the following interesting letter to his father, written shortly after the commencement of Lovell Edgeworth's captivity at Verdun.

Verdun, August 14, 1803.

Happy as I was, my dear friend, to hear of your safe escape from the hands of these ruffians, yet I could not help feeling a sense of pain at the first news of it, so selfish are we all. I feel that I have now no particular reason for wishing to return to Geneva, and, before I heard the news by Philips's letter, I would have given anything almost to return there. My second thoughts are not quite so selfish as my first, and most sincerely do I congratulate you on the event. You are safe out of their clutches, and God knows when we shall be so. I have, however, taken measures to extricate myself from this abominable hole. I have written to Madame Gauthier, and I have

found that she is the only person that I have yet met with who seems at all in earnest in endeavours to serve me, or who at all deserves the name of friend. I had written a petition to Talleyrand and one to Berthier, praying to be allowed to return to Geneva. At the same time I wrote to Madame Gauthier, telling her how bad my health was. She has written me two very kind letters, desiring me to get a certificate from a physician here, declaring my health to be weak, and petitions also to Berthier, Junod and Le Grand Juge. All these have I sent to her to-day, and I think I may have some chance of being allowed to go to some more southern prison. Nothing in heaven above, earth below, nor the waters under the earth can be more truly melancholy and abominable than this spot. Perhaps I shall be allowed to go back to Geneva, but I think more likely Montpellier will be the place to which I shall be sent. To my bitter surprise and great despair, not one line have I yet received from Ireland. There were some reports in the papers of great disturbances there, but they have since been quieted. Can anything be equal to the bad conduct of my family? They certainly must know of the state in which I am placed, and such complete neglect is totally unpardonable. They must know that I want

money, and yet not one farthing have they sent. I have now only forty pounds in the world, and how am I to get more? I must put myself on prisoners' allowance, which is seven French sols per day, and I owe you £120. It was much against my will that I borrowed this from you, but what could I do? I most sincerely hope you have not been inconvenienced by it. If you have, I shall never forgive myself. You must, however, have patience, and, in time, I will pay it you all, with interest. If I don't get away from this place, I cannot conceive anything more melancholy than my winter prospects, and, even if I get permission to go, how can I get away, or how can I travel without money? My health is getting worse and worse. My stomach has been very bad ever since I came here; so that in time I think that the best and cheapest plan will be for me to lay me down and die—but then poor William (servant) will be left totally friendless. The only way is to have, if possible, no thought at all, and no care, for the morrow.—Farewell, my dear Friend, remember me to the Philipses, and believe me, etc.,

LOVELL EDGEWORTH.

As the Edgeworth family are accused of neglect of the poor prisoner in the above letter, I ought to print some extracts from

Miss Edgeworth's memoir of her father, which show that he was in due time fully convinced of their concern for him, and that he cherished his home affections throughout his long captivity to his great benefit. The fact seems to have been that they found it very difficult to communicate directly with him. They were also at this time obliged to make a hurried journey to Edinburgh on account of the severe illness of his younger brother Henry, who ultimately died of consumption. I now quote from the memoir above mentioned :—

Vol. ii., p. 292 :—"My eldest brother had the "misfortune to be amongst those who were "detained. His exile was rendered as tolerable "as circumstances would permit by the indefati- "gable kindness of our friends the D.'s "(? Delesserts). But it was an exile of eleven "years, six of them spent at Verdun. Had this "happened to any younger brother, who had his "fortune to make by his profession, it must have "ruined his prospects for life. For an eldest son "there was another sort of danger; that of his "being ruined by being drawn into bad company

"and dissipation by mere want of agreeable "employment. * Under such circumstances, and "in such a place as Verdun, and during such an "exile from his native country, there was great "hazard that his domestic affections and his habits "of life might be changed. This was to be a "trial of the efficacy of his education."

On page 383, Vol. ii., of the Memoir, Miss Edgeworth again speaks of her brother, and relates the circumstances attending his happy restoration to his family. She had been speaking of her father's declining health and she goes on:—"His "eldest son, Lovell, to whose care all that he "loved on earth would devolve, was at this time "a prisoner in France, where he had been detained "upwards of eleven years. Every possible effort "had been made, by himself and his friends, to

* This was no imaginary fear. Lord Ellesmere, in his "Reminiscences" (lately published), quotes as follows from Sir Adam Ferguson, who was himself detained at Verdun:— "The approach of the allies made it necessary to transfer "the prisoners from Verdun further into the interior. "Amongst the officers on parole were some who had been "captured, mere boys, English midshipmen, and who had "grown into strong, uneducated and ungovernable men." Sir A. Ferguson further spoke of these young men with great pity. Their career had been suddenly cut short, and they had been simply left, as they grew to manhood, to run to seed, and to vice in a dull French provincial town. They were thus ruined for life by their captivity.

" procure permission for him to return, even for
" a short time, to his country and family, but in
" vain. With great difficulty he had obtained his
" removal from Verdun to St. Germain en Laie,
" and thence to Paris. All satisfactory communi-
" cation between him and his family had been
" cut off during this long period of captivity. At
" the time of his father's illness, but before he
" could hear of it, an order had been issued from
" the police at Paris to the English prisoners to
" quit Paris, remanding them to different places
" of imprisonment in the country. My brother
" was of this number. This was in March, 1814.
" The entrance of the Allies into Paris changed
" the fate of individuals as of nations. My
" brother got back his liberty and, on his arrival
" in London, hearing the news of his father's
" dangerous illness, set out at once for Ireland.
" It was late at night when he arrived. My
" father, exhausted by a day of pain, was just
" sinking to sleep, but he was completely revived
" and reanimated by the sight of his son. A few
" minutes told the history of the thoughts and
" feelings of years. The ease of mind and delight
" my father felt, not only in his son's return, but
" in finding that son all he could wish in his
" representative if he were to die, contributed to
" his recovery. In the ordinary chances, during

"twelve years of absence from his home and "native country, a young man's tastes and views "of life might be expected to have changed, and "his domestic affections, or at least his domestic "habits, altered or destroyed. But, on the "contrary, all this appeared unchanged, and the "character was formed and strengthened by the "trial of adversity. My father observed that here "was some test of the power and efficacy of early "education."

P. 118.

Marc Auguste Pictet, of Geneva, 1752—1825, was a pupil of De Saussure, and succeeded him as Professor of Philosophy at Geneva. He became known to the Edgeworths as translator of the treatise on "Practical Education"; and as Editor of the "Bibliothéque Britannique," in which he published several of Miss Edgeworth's "Moral Tales." In 1801 he paid a visit to Edgeworth's town. His political influence in France arose out of the fact that he was one of the Deputation of Genevese who negotiated for the Union of the State of Geneva with the French Republic in 1798. He also supported the measure for making the Consulate of Napoleon a life appointment, and subsequently voted for the establishment of the Empire. It was as a warm supporter of the advancing power

of Napoleon that his intercession was considered by Dr. Roget to be well worth having.

P. 170.

Etienne Delessert, 1735—1816, was a great financier and promotor of Agricultural enterprise in France. When the French Revolution was first started his position did not seem to be unfavourably affected by it. He was not obliged to take sides in Politics, and the services he had it in his power to render to Government were his protection. He was, however, placed under arrest in the Reign of Terror, and was in the greatest danger at the moment of its sudden collapse in July, 1794. Under the reign of Napoleon he rapidly regained his fortune and influence. He was no doubt a very powerful friend to anyone who could claim his good offices. Hence the value placed by Dr. Roget on the letter he had written in his favour.

P. 29.

Pierré, Etienne Louis Dumont, of Geneva, 1759—1829, was originally destined for the pastorate, and actually entered on its duties. He however drifted into politics and became an active opponent of the narrow Oligarchy which then governed the State of Geneva. Failing in his efforts for Reform he found it necessary to quit Geneva and came to England, where he found a

friend in Mr. Romilly, who introduced him to Bentham and also to Lord Lansdowne. In the family of the latter he took service as Tutor. His abilities were cordially recognised by that nobleman. On the outbreak of the French Revolution, he went to Paris and allied himself with Mirabeau, editing under him the "Courier de Provence." When, however, it became evident that the forces of Disorder were gaining the day, and that the liberty which he held dear was being trampled under foot, he quitted France and retired to Geneva. There he stayed till the State was absorbed into the French Republic in 1798, when he once more returned to England and renewed his relations with Lord Lansdowne. Thus it was that he was in Paris with Lord Henry Petty after the Peace of Amiens had been signed. His intimate friendship with Mr. Romilly naturally brought him into very cordial relations with Dr. Roget, who had the benefit of his introductions to friends at Geneva.

I have judged it best to insert in this place a narrative written by Dr. Roget of all that took place at Geneva from the time when the first alarm was given, by the news of the warlike tone of the King's Speech, at the

opening of Parliament, November 23, 1802, until the day when he made his escape from Geneva, on July 26, a week after he has dispatched his pupils to Lausanne.

All this has been already told in outline, but there are many little details in this narrative which make the story more vivid, and will therefore interest those who really care for the book.

"It is curious that the Genevese did not at first regard this declaration [the King's speech] in as serious a light as it deserved; though it required no extraordinary foresight in Englishmen to perceive that the tone assumed by both countries must lead to a speedy rupture. I found in all the companies I went into that the general opinion was that matters would be accommodated, and during the whole period of the subsequent negotiation they seemed very reluctant to admit the continually increasing probability of an event which, from the beginning might easily have been anticipated.

"Many circumstances contributed to render our situation during this interval extremely perplexing. The letters I received from Manchester

expressed it as the general opinion in England that the differences between the two countries would be ultimately adjusted; Mr. Philips wished us to remain at Geneva till the autumn if it appeared that we might do so with safety, and my young friends, who were warmly attached to Geneva, were very anxious to spend the summer there if possible. All my friends were unanimous in their opinion that no possible inconvenience, far less danger, could be incurred by delaying our return to England. They adduced instances of several Englishmen who had resided in perfect security at Geneva during the last war; but, whatever might happen, government could not do otherwise than give us timely intimation if they wished us to depart, and allow us the necessary time for leaving the territory. In our situation, indeed, an hour's notice was all we had need of, as we were within six miles of the frontier . . . . We had picked up an acquaintance with the Commandant of the Town, who lived underneath us, in the ground floor of the same house. He was not backward in his professions of friendship, and assurances of our safety under his immediate protection.

"Notwithstanding these favourable appearances, I did not neglect to hold ourselves in readiness to depart whenever it should become necessary. I thought it advisable, however, to remain quiet for

the present, for as affairs were now evidently drawing very near to a crisis, there was danger, had we set out immediately for Calais, of our finding on our arrival all communication with Dover interrupted; while at Geneva we were so near the frontier that we could easily get out of the French territory. On the other hand, to undertake a tedious journey through Germany, in order to return to England, while a chance remained of our being allowed to pass by the direct road, was considered as too precipitate a step. The determination of the French Government with regard to us would soon be known, and we might shape our course accordingly. The French official paper indeed frequently intimated that the English would be allowed to remain in France unmolested.

"It was at length announced that Lord Whitworth had left Paris; but this news came qualified with the intelligence that Buonaparte had sent a courier after him, with fresh concessions, and pressing solicitations for his return. Thus were we amused from dav to day with contradictory accounts. We now made serious preparations for our departure, and expected shortly to receive orders to leave the French territory. On Friday, the 27th of May, we had been at a party given by the Commandant; I

remarked that no English but ourselves were present, the company consisting chiefly of French officers and the *authorities* of the town, the Mayor and Prefect. The Commandant observed to me that he could not invite any other English on account of the departure of our Ambassador. I thought I perceived a change in his manner, and particular coldness towards us. It was late when we retired, and it was then that the Philips' told me of a vague report that news had arrived from Lyons of the detention of all the English that were there. The nature of this report, as well as the source from which it came, did not entitle it to the slightest credit.

"About eight o'clock the next morning Burton entered my room followed by Moré, a person who let out horses, informing us that all the English at Sécheron had set off early that morning for Switzerland, certain intelligence having reached them of the arrest of the English at Lyons. He offered us horses at any time that we should want them, and left us to consult as to what we should do. I did not hesitate to attempt an escape if it were not already too late. We had our carriage at Voirembé, two miles from Geneva; thither I determined to go, and order horses to be sent there. I took fifteen louis in my pocket, and looked everywhere for the key of our chaise, but

in vain. Having put each a couple of shirts in a bundle, and ordered François to take it to Edgeworth's at Sécheron, and there to leave it, we were going to sally forth; but reflecting that it would be better, in order to prevent confusion, to apprise Mrs. Peschier of our determination, we communicated to her the news in private, and, scarcely waiting to hear what she would say in reply, we left the house, and went to some of our friends, in order to give them notice of their danger. We first called upon Pattison, we found Mr. Prévost with him, who had heard of the report, but gave it no credit whatever. He told us that the Paris despatches of that day had been received and that they contained no orders that any way related to us. He spoke of this in the most positive terms. We might stay, he said, in Geneva, in perfect safety; but if we meant to go there was at any rate no circumstance that justified a precipitate flight. We then went to Davidson and Maude; in our way thither we reflected on what Mr. Prévost had told us with respect to the actual arrival of the despatches and the improbability that there was any ground for the panic which had seized the other English. The Philips' were decidedly of opinion that we were too precipitate. I then determined to go home alone, and appointing a place or rendezvous

for the Philips' to enquire into the truth of the matter and return to tell them the result. When I came to our house I saw General Dupuch looking quietly out of his window; he had heard of our alarm; assured us there was not the least foundation for it; he had just opened his despatches, they contained no order of the kind; and 'did you suppose,' said he, 'that you would have been more in safety in Switzerland than here,—quite the reverse; the order, if it had come, would have extended as well to Switzerland as to Geneva.' He then assured us that if such orders had arrived he would have certainly given us notice underhand previous to their being put in execution. These assurances, which, coming from the Commandant, we might in some measure consider as official, entirely quieted our fears, which were the subject of much laughter and merriment during breakfast. In my own mind, however, I took a fixed determination not to wait the arrival of the next courier from Paris, and expose ourselves to the possibility of another alarm.

"Breakfast was scarcely over before Mr. Prévost came into my room, and told me he had just come from the Préfet's office, and that there was more truth in the news than he had apprehended; orders, in fact, were issued to arrest all English above eighteen years of age. He advised

us to be off without losing a moment. We did not require this advice to be twice given us. We just shook Mr. and Madame Peschier by the hand, flew out of the house, ordered horses from Moré's to be sent to Voirembé, and were hastening out of the town when we met Mr. Ansley, who told us that Edgeworth was at Mr. Heutsch's, thither I accordingly went, and found a large circle of ladies, and one or two gentlemen in the counting-house; they were talking with great eagerness of the subject of our present alarm. The Marchioness of Donegal asked me a few questions relative to it. All was confusion at the counting-house; Mr. Heutsch exhibited the picture of despair. I took bills of exchange for the money we had with him; and we again sallied forth. We passed the gates without impediment, and proceeded along a dusty road and in a scorching sun to Voirembé. We examined our carriage; the key had been mislaid; there was no means of opening the door. There was only one way of getting in and that was by the windows; this we did as well as we could, as soon as the horses arrived. The loss of this key was a most unlucky circumstance, as we should have been obliged to alight from our carriage in passing Versoix, in order to be searched by the Custom House; and our getting out by the windows would have awakened too many suspicions. We

therefore stopped at Sécheron, where there was a blacksmith, in order to have the lock picked. While this was being done, Déjean came into the yard. He told us it was too late to think of escaping; he knew positively that orders had been sent to Versoix by a courier to stop all those who should pass that way. Gendarmes had been also sent in all directions to guard every possible avenue to Switzerland. The most active measures had indeed been taken to prevent our escape. Early in the morning every person who let horses was summoned to appear and ordered to sign a paper promising not to let out horses during that day. A proclamation to the same effect had been issued, and Edgeworth had heard it upon the * *treille* as he was leaving the town.

"We were all damped by the intelligence of our escape being already prevented. We offered Edgeworth a place in our carriage, which he refused; and indeed I was extremely discouraged at the idea of proceeding, with the certain prospect before my eyes, of being arrested, and perhaps brought back by an escort, and worse used than if I quietly submitted. While I was yet deliberating, in came young Necker, bringing me a note from Mrs. Peschier, informing me that the Commandant required all above 18 to surrender themselves

* A public walk under trees by the lake side.

within 24 hours, as they would *otherwise* be regarded as prisoners of war; that the same steps had been taken in Switzerland, and that all those who were found there would be obliged to go to the Commandant du lieu.

"We considered this intelligence as so far advantageous that it allowed us a little time for breathing and reflecting upon what we were to do. Nothing, in the first place, was required of us before the 24 hours had elapsed. We might still have time to escape, if they wished to connive at our departure; and if, on the other hand, they wished to stop us, the orders to the frontier had already been sent, and must before that time have arrived. We further considered that to be arrested in Switzerland, to be dragged before some unknown Commandant in a strange place, would have been more distressing than any confinement in a place where the inhabitants were so well disposed towards us, and where we could expect every indulgence from the known mildness of the magistracy.

"Thus, after mature deliberation did we resolve upon returning once more to Geneva. We had no sooner entered our house, than we received a visit from the Commandant, who came strutting into the room with an air of great importance; he read us his orders constituting all the English above

18 prisoners of war, and required our surrender before the noon of the following day. All the other English were to appear before the Préfet on Monday. Again he told us that similar orders had been issued in Switzerland, and that those who had set off in the morning would be too happy to receive permission to return to Geneva.

"It did not, however, escape our observation that the order was so expressed as to include only military men, and, as it appeared in print, could admit of no other interpretation. It appeared in this light to everybody. The Secretary of the Prefecture, as we learnt from Dr. Odier, was also of this opinion; and the Commissary of Police who came in the evening to take our names, was convinced that General Dupuch had mistaken his instructions. The night was passed in the fond persuasion that I yet was free. The morning soon dissipated the hopes I had conceived. Mrs. Peschier, during a long conversation she had with the General, got out from him several important particulars. It was discovered that besides the orders he read to us yesterday, and which were so worded as to lull our apprehensions, he had received others of a much more explicit nature, which he was to keep secret; these expressly enjoined him to detain all the English above 18 without making the least exception, or listening

to any pretext whatsoever; that in case of the slightest endeavour on our part to evade the decree, or the slightest expression of disobedience, he was to send us with an escort of the Gendarmerie to the castle of Montmelian in Savoy, and deliver us over to the custody of the Commandant of this fortress. That such were his instructions was but too true, for Mrs. Peschier had read them herself; she had been likewise told by Dupuch that Gendarmes had been stationed in every avenue of the frontier in order to seize all the English who should attempt to escape. We saw the Commandant a short time after, who confirmed great part of what we had heard from Madame Peschier, and hinted to us very plainly that a second attempt to escape would oblige him to imprison us. We had now but one part to act, that of unqualified submission to our fate.

"On Monday we all appeared before the Prefet. He behaved to us with great politeness; admitted as sufficient proofs of the ages of the Philips', what had been marked on their passports; he declared them perfectly free. On my mentioning that I was not in the Militia, he replied that he had no power to decide upon any question of that kind; but that if I had any representation to make he would be happy to forward it to Paris. I drew up a petition accordingly, stating the peculiar

circumstances of my situation, and that I was not liable to the Militia. The next day I went with Edgeworth to the Commandant's, into whose hands we delivered our passports, and took our parole to remain his prisoners. We were now completely in the power of the French Government, who had thus doubly enchained us; guarding us not only by physical force, but enchaining us also by the invincible bonds of honour. It may easily be conceived with what reluctance we obeyed this last order; we hesitated long before we complied, and it was not till the Commandant at length showed us his secret orders to imprison us in Montmelian that we gave the terrible promise, and we were the last of the English that did so."

(Here is an interval in the narrative.) Again in Dr. Roget's words.

"It would be endless to enumerate the various reports which were hatched and industriously circulated about the measures of Government, the number of English arrested, the causes of this order, the detention of French ships, etc. It was curious to remark the gradual change of public opinion with respect to it. At first all thought it would not last above a few days; that it would cease when it had been ascertained who were not in the militia; that it would entirely cease when the ships detained were released. Negotiations

were still pending; courier after courier arrived, but no change in the measure, and no answers to simple questions about it. We waited a fortnight the answer to our reclamations. No such answer arrived. It was daily expected. A little patience was preached to us. 'Government had so many to look over that it could not be expected it would answer them immediately.'

I firmly thought I should obtain my liberty without difficulty, merely by the statement I made of my situation. Everybody nourished this opinion. They thought that if the Government was accessible to the least sentiment of justice and humanity I should succeed in my application. How little did they know them! and yet one should think they had sufficient experience of their duplicity. I had always in reserve the measure of declaring myself Genevese. I thought I could at any time do it, and that it was better to try all other means before I made use of this, to which I had naturally some reluctance. It was better to go out as English, if possible, than as French. Delay could do no harm; it could not invalidate any of my rights, and I gained time to concert my measures.

"In the meantime the horizon darkened, and clouds gathered. We gradually lost hopes of any remission of rigour from Government; never was

extinction of hope more gradual. Our situation became, by degrees, more and more unpleasant. In proportion as it was known that the English Government was determined to carry on the war with vigour, we were regarded with more and more jealousy. The soldiers looked at us with sneering faces as we passed. The jacobins eyed us with a darker scowl. We were more and more beset with spies. One called on us under pretence of charity. I discovered that my German master was a rank jacobin; he beset me with questions. Every time we walkd out we were followed, and all that we said was listened to. If two or three assembled on the *treille,* it was reported in town that the English had met together and talked in high terms against the Government. Various reports were circulated against us; that we were meditating escapes; that some had actually escaped; that one had fought a duel with a French officer and killed him; and a multitude of others more ridiculous the one than the other. They were mere ephemera that did not survive the day of their birth; but they continually harassed us, and left their sting behind. The *polissons* mocked us as we passed; but orders were given strictly to forbid this. Our house was particularly marked; reports that we talked politics continually were circulated. . . .

"After the first alarm of deportation to Verdun I resolved in my mind projects of escape. I meditated various ways of disengaging myself from my parole; telling the Commandant I gave him back my parole, risking being sent to Montmelian and bribing the escort. The Geneva project I seriously took into consideration. At length, after long meditation and many restless anxious nights, a fortunate idea of combining the two plans presented itself—that of declaring to the Commandant that I was Genevese and as such did not any longer consider myself his prisoner, and on parole; the moment I had said this I was to amuse the Commandant by pretending to go to the Préfet, etc., and this was the moment of decamping. I was to walk out of the town shabbily dressed in my great coat, old hat, crab stick, dark pantaloons, and red handkerchief round my neck, wearing my night-shirt without a frill, and a dirty waistcoat. I should have passed out by the Porte Neuve, the least suspected gate, because the most opposite to my real route; if I had met anybody I was to tell them I was going to bathe in the Arve. I was, in fact, to take that road, and meeting a man to whom I was not to speak, but whom I was to follow twenty yards behind, should have walked behind Harmance through a wood to a boat on the shore, which he

would have provided for me. We should have crossed the lake to Coppet, gone on in a char-à-banc to Rolle, thence through Switzerland by bye-roads out into Germany. The Philips' of course would have been sent off some time before, probably to Constance. They should have not known where they were going till the moment they set out; but I should have made them believe they were going to Mr. Blanchenay's at Morges.

"I executed all the parts of this plan perfectly. It took some time to arrange them, to have every part in readiness. At length all was ready, and it required only to fix the time and to set fire to the train. Unfortunately events obliged me to precipitate the execution and change it considerably. I was crossing the dinner saloon to go to my room when I perceived Madame de Staël in the parlour with the Peschiers and Davidson—I entered. I had not sat down two minutes when she turned suddenly to me and said in English:—'I have very bad news for you, you are going all to be sent to Verdun, I have it from an unquestionable source. No reclamations will be attended to. You will set out in about a week.' She then turned to Madame Peschier and talked French. Soon after she added in English:—'All the English in Switzerland are arrested. Lord J. Campbell and Dr. Robertson have been stopped at

Baden, the former has escaped in women's clothes, the latter is in confinement.' She then apologised to Madame Peschier for talking English, saying that she could not resist every opportunity of improving herself in the language. She soon left the room. I accompanied her downstairs and she spoke to me a few words more on the subject; especially enjoining secresy. I begged permission to communicate it to Edgeworth, to which she after some hesitation consented. Thunderstruck at this news, which deranged my schemes so much and left me so little time to execute them, exposed the Philips', and raised so many difficulties in my way through Switzerland, I took, however, my resolution from that instant to send away the Philips'. I went immediately to their room, and told them to prepare to leave Geneva the next day for Morges, and let them into the knowledge of Verdun, but enjoining secresy. I walked to Edgeworth at Sécheron, in a burning sun, and communicated to him the news. He disbelieved it.

"We, however, resolved to carry my plan of escape into execution, and Tuesday was the day fixed upon. This was Saturday.

"Sunday, 17th July. Endeavoured to speak to the Commandant; but could not get a sight of him.

He was at parade—dodged him all day; but he went out to dine in the country.

"18th. Went to him early in the morning; told him that I meant to send away the Philips' to Morges; he exclaimed against it. I told him I had received orders from their parents. He then told me he had received answers to all reclamations, that they were all refused, and that he had orders 'de vous faire partir,' and added 'je me suis déja compromis en l'éloignement.' 'If that is the case, I shall reclaim myself,' said I. 'I am a French citizen et je ne me considère point comme votre prisonnier.' 'F—ce ne sont pas mes affairs, allez vite au Maire et au Préfet—vous n'avez pas un moment à perdre.' I turned back and asked him whether the orders would be executed in a week. 'Much sooner than that,' he answered; 'perhaps the day after to-morrow.' I went to breakfast. He came up while I was breakfasting, seemed surprised to find me still there, repeated his news, asked me very slyly whether I had received intimation of it before. I replied in the negative. He told me that I ought not to lose a moment. 'Stop,' said I, 'till I have swallowed a mouthful of milk.' I then, instead of going to the Maire, went to Prévost, and consulted with him. He advised me to be very cautious, and perplexed me terribly. I went

to the Mairie. The Mayor was absent. Picot, the substitute, told me that all was easy. They looked into the books for my name; it was not to be found; but at length they did find it. Prévost ran in with the treaty in his hand. The point was clear. I was only to go and get my father's and grandfather's name, etc., etc. I went to my uncle's for this, meditating my projects. Prévost at my heels ran after me advising me to go directly to the Préfet. I hesitated; I put him off. Once he penetrated me, or at least I thought so. He said that all escape would be physically impossible. To this I did not appear to pay the least attention. I was resolved to avoid going to the Prefect's as much as possible, and push on my project of escape, which now could not hurt the English. I thought I could accomplish it as before. I returned home, settled affairs with the Philips', and did nothing that day. Next morning the Philips' set off. I went home; the next day I was to escape. Escape was at that time particularly dangerous. I was advised to go on with the . . . ."

(Here the diary ends abruptly, but the narrative is continued in a letter to Burton and Nathaniel Philips.)

Geneva.

My Dearest Friends,—

You will, I am afraid, have been alarmed at the sudden message I sent you to remove from Lausanne to Neufchâtel; you must surely, however, have believed I took this step for very good reasons. *Personal safety*, as your father has often said, must be paramount to every other consideration, and I had good reason at that time to doubt your being in safety at Lausanne. The c. d. t. was furious at the idea of your having got out of his reach, he wished very much you would return to Geneva, and even made use of threatening language in case you did not. All these were reasons for removing you further off, and for placing you for the moment, in a place of perfect security. I exposed myself to the effects of his resentment by so doing, but this I did not regard so that your safety could be secured. I thought also you would prefer being at Neufchâtel to being at Lausanne, where you had no acquaintances. Besides, it is always so much gained on the road to Germany. I had no time to explain to you the few lines in which I desired you to depart. I must now tell you what has passed. I believe it

was last Wednesday or Thursday morning that I wrote to you that my prospects of obtaining a passport were exceedingly bright. The Préfet had almost promised it to me, and his secretary also. On Thursday all the English appeared before the Préfet and were told that the Government had given orders that they should be sent to Verdun. I had received a summons the day before to appear before the Préfet, but of course, as I had declared myself Genevese, did not attend to it. The English were ordered to appear before the Commandant the next day (Friday) to receive further instructions relative to their transportation. I was not a little surprised the Thursday morning to receive a note from the Secretary of the Prefect desiring to see me at three o'clock for some formality I was to execute. I came at the time appointed; he then told me that the Commandant had had a long conversation with the Prefect about me, that he was *méchant*, and required many documents from me about my father's certificate of baptism, etc., and proofs of my being the person I pretended to be. He required all these before seven the next morning, and I clearly saw that if I could not get them I should have been comprised in the list of those to be sent to Verdun. The Commandant would be satisfied on no other conditions.

You may easily conceive the difficulties I was under to obtain papers at this time of the evening when all the offices were shut. I had literally to run about the whole town all that evening till half-past ten o'clock. By dint of recommendation, persuasion, and insisting on the thing I got one of the papers, the certificate of my father's birth. The other act attesting the identity of my person was to have been done before a Juge de paix; but he was ten miles in the country. I found his substitute in a remote corner of Pleinpalais, he was playing at bowls at his *cercle*. I had great difficulty in getting him to listen to me. At length by tickling the palm of his hand, he promised to be ready for me by six the next morning, and in the meanwhile I was to collect eight witnesses to be sure of finding them all at home the next morning, and to bring him all their Christian names, etc. This took me till half-past ten. Luckily it was the night of the parson's society, I went there with Mr. Peschier, and got four at one visit; otherwise I should have found it more difficult. At six, I was running again to the Notary; he was in bed. I called him up, however, and he slowly arose, and fell to work; in half an hour the deed was executed attesting that I was really the son of the person I called my father. I had now to run about for signatures. I found

many of the witnesses in bed. Some got up for me, others signed in bed, and at length my number was completed. Another difficulty now occurred. The bureau d'enrégistrement was shut, and nothing could be done with it. I waited on the secretary of the Préfet; he seemed to think it absolutely necessary to get the paper immediately. With great difficulty I got the Notary to let him see it before it was registered. Then, and not till then, was I safe from being sent to Verdun. I then wrote to you a hasty letter. The fatigue and anxiety I had undergone were so great that I was very ill all day. No passport would be granted to me. I must wait the answer from Paris. By taking care of myself I have now recovered from my fatigue, but some anxiety yet remains. I have received, however, since a letter from Delessart which gives me great hopes of success from a letter which my Uncle has written directly to Talleyrand and which he will lay before the Chief Consul on his arrival at Bruxelles. An answer to this I may receive very shortly. The issue of the message to Paris must, at any rate, be favourable. The Commandant is mollified very evidently by the letter of Delessart which I showed him.

Here the letter ends, and it is doubtful whether it ever reached those for whom it was intended. for the next day, or the day following, Dr. Roget got his passport from the Mayor, and. as he said in one of his letters, "flew" to join his pupils at Neufchatel.

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